

The TATLER

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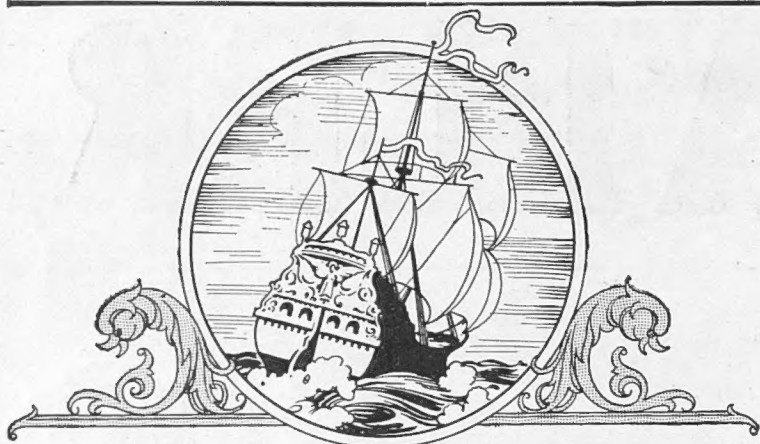
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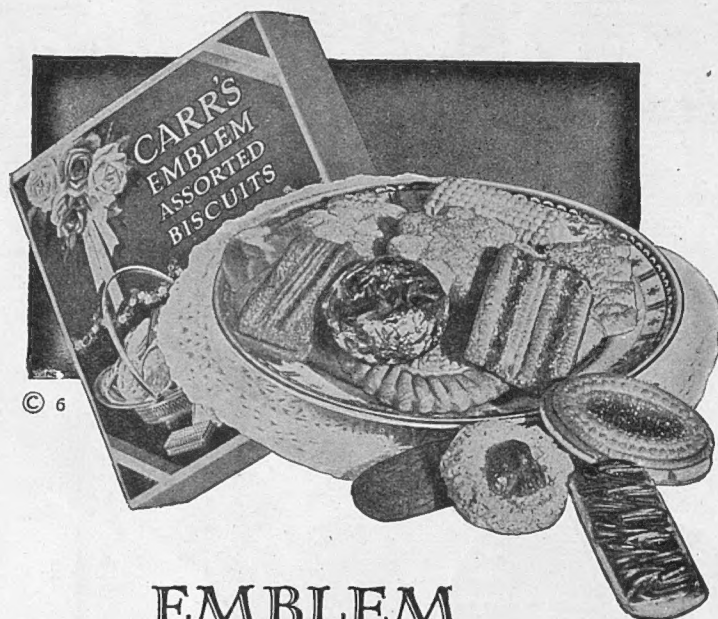
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THE HON. MRS. CYRIL ASQUITH AND HER SON PAUL

The Hon. Mrs. Cyril Asquith is the wife of the third son of the first Lord Oxford and Asquith, the famous Liberal leader and statesman, who died in 1928. Before her marriage in 1918 Mrs. Cyril Asquith was Miss Anne Pollock, and is a daughter of Sir Adrian and Lady Pollock. Paul is the second son and was born in 1927. The Hon. Cyril Asquith is a barrister, as his distinguished father was before him

The Letters of Eve



AT THE LAUDERDALE AND EDINBURGH GARRISON 'CHASES

Ian Smith

A lunch-time group at Upper Blainsdale, near Lauder, where this point-to-point meeting was held last week. Included in it are the Hon. Mrs. Claud Lambton, the Hon. Henry Home, a son of Lord Home, Lady Anne Egerton (with camera), a daughter of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, Lady Rachel and Lady Bridget Home, Lord and Lady Home's daughters, Miss Dundas, and Mr. Wolfe Murray



Arthur Owen

LADY BEATRIX CADOGAN

At the recent Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point at Silverton. Lady Beatrix Cadogan is the elder of Lord and Lady Cadogan's two daughters

DEAREST,—I will refrain from the too-hackneyed quotation about spring and April. Anyhow, so many odd surprises may have been given us by the time you get this letter, while at the moment that I write it there has been the most marvellous succession of spring days. The kind of days which meteorologists make quite a fuss of in their solemn records and statistics, but which have rather more of a thrilling effect upon most of the rest of us, making us wish that we could get away from stuffy rooms and offices, and escape to the hills or the sea. All the same they have been very becoming to London, so one mustn't be ungrateful.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.



WATCHING THE FINISH AT THE LAUDERDALE POINT-TO-POINT

Ian Smith

Another snapshot at Upper Blainsdale last week, where the Edinburgh Command joined forces with the Lauderdale, who hunt over a wall country. This group includes: Lady Bridget Home, Miss Jean and Miss Marjorie Scott, daughters of Lord George Scott, Lady Angela Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and Miss Trotter of Charterhall. The Lauderdale Hounds are the property of Colonel Alexander Mitchell, the tremendously popular Master

Another sort of sign, though by no means a certain one, that the winter is more or less over and gone, and that spring is more or less here (I refuse to commit myself more definitely) is

the start of flat-racing again. And with the usual inevitable outsider in the big race, which Tom Webster so adequately describes as having been instituted to give us our big loser of the season! I did not go to Lincoln, so I cannot give you any details about it, and the National came so late in the week that it will have to wait until my next letter. At the end of last week, by the way, those two inveterate race-goers, Lord and Lady Stanley, came home again from India. Considering that Lord Derby's house-party at Knowsley for Aintree, and his palatial box, like a small house, are almost traditional, it seems odd that they didn't manage to time their return a few days earlier.

Lord Stanley, as the elder son and heir of Lord Derby, takes the various jobs of work he has to do most seriously. But it seems to be of the younger son, Oliver, that everyone has been talking just lately. One hears his name on all sides, from the mouths of hoary and experienced old gentlemen, and of those perspicacious youths who seem to know so much about everything. Anyhow a great many people have decided that he is destined for a very high position in the Conservative Party. And as he has great charm and modesty, as well as brains and honesty, he is very well fitted for it. His wife, Lady Maureen, the eldest of the Londonderry daughters, is another of "these charming people" with good looks and a very real sense of humour.

But to get back for a moment to racing and the Grand Military meeting, which, being also on a Friday, has had to wait until now. I suppose this particular meeting easily holds the record for crowds, and it wasn't easy to get about in the quite roomy members' enclosure at Sandown. The most congratulated person of the day, of course, was Mr. Brownhill, who won the Gold Cup on his own horse, Drintyre, which, as everyone has heard by now, refused after that effort to budge an inch past the band-stand, thereby necessitating intervention and concession on the part of Lord Lonsdale, since dismounting outside the unsaddling enclosure renders one liable to being disqualified. But Lord Lonsdale is so adequate in any unforeseen emergency.

A lesser excitement was provided by the hare which ran along the course and gave lots of people the opportunity to make loud hunting calls. But to get to some of the people I managed to see and recognize. There was Lady Betty Trafford, Lord Abingdon's sister, whose husband, Captain Trafford, has a beautiful place, Wroxham Park, near the Norfolk Broads. And Sir Anthony Lindsay Hogg and his pretty wife, who was wearing one of the smart tweed checks. Then there was Lady Diana Cooper, quite fit and well again after her trip to the Bahamas, and looking very lovely in a little tweed hat. Others I noticed were the Duke of Norfolk and his sister, Lady Rachel, General Geoffrey White, Lady Burton, all in green, Lady Mary Herbert, the Victor Warren- ders, Major and Mrs. Graham Clarke, who had come from Gloucestershire to stay with General Rome at Bagshot, and Commander and Mrs. William Forbes, who had just got back from Biarritz, with many



AT THE LANARK AND RENFREW POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. C. A. Finlayson and the Duchess of Montrose snapshotted just before the former was about to do the dangerous. The point-to-point was run over a good line at Houston, where the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire Kennels are

laments about the weather there. Miss Yoe de Belabre was another rather depressed home-comer, for she had not only suffered bad weather at Biarritz, but mumps in Algiers!



BACK AGAIN: MRS. P. G. WODEHOUSE AND MISS DOROTHY DICKSON

Two popular people caught by the camera on their arrival back from America in the "Aquitania." Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse is of course the wife of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, the famous author and playwright; Miss Dorothy Dickson hardly needs any introduction

had joined the Conservative Party, and had offered his support to Mr. Baldwin. The rest is mostly new engagements, including those of young Lord Iddesleigh, who is going to marry Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' daughter, Elizabeth, and of Miss Peggy Brocklehurst, one of Melton's shining lights, whose fiancé is Lieut.-Colonel Colman. I see that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is one of the many vice-presidents of the After Dinner Club which is holding a reception to-morrow night at the New Burlington Galleries. The host and hostess will be Sir Frederic Curwen and Madame Adeline Genée, and there is to be a pageant of dancing.

And while the already-out girls are getting engaged and married, arrangements are already well forward for the new debutantes of this year. One of the many who hasn't been talked about much up to now is Lady Bangor's second girl Helen. That is because she has lived practically all her life in Ireland, at her parents' place, Castle Ward. For she is a delightful girl, not unlike Queen Victoria when she succeeded, and most amusing to talk to, having inherited a big share of the wit for which all her mother's family, the Hamiltons, have always been famous. And to be amusing is the chief essential nowadays, isn't it? Lady Bangor has taken a house in London for the season, and will probably be giving a dance later on. Besides her daughter, she will also present her niece, Miss Anne Arkwright, the second daughter of her sister, Mrs. Harold Arkwright, who is the best known, over in England, of the Hamilton sisters. The two

(Continued on p. 4)



LIEUT.-COLONEL VALENTINE AND LADY ALINE VIVIAN AND FRIEND

At the Grand Military. Lady Aline Vivian is the eldest of Lord Portarlington's sisters, and married Lieut.-Colonel Valentine Vivian, Grenadier Guards, in 1904. Their elder daughter married Mr. John Molesworth-St. Aubyn, Sir Hugh Molesworth-St. Aubyn's eldest son



R. Horne
SIR PETER FARQUHAR, M.F.H.
(right), AND A FRIEND

At the recent Tedworth Point-to-Point. Sir Peter Farquhar, who was in the 16/5 Lancers, is Joint Master of these hounds with the Hon. Henry Mond

after their winter trips. Among those who have already returned are Lord Furness and his beautiful wife, who have been for the last few months in East Africa, Mrs. Robert Lindsay and her daughter Joyce who have been to Western Australia, and Major and Lady Violet Astor who have been in Italy. And the next few days will bring Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalf, who get back from America to-morrow, and Lady Louis Mountbatten who is expected quite soon, too, from the U.S.A. Lady Louis' many friends must often regret the wanderlust which takes her away so often and so far, leaving her such short intervals to spend in London.

The spring weather, on the other hand, has lured some people away to the sunny waters of the Mediterranean. Mr. Ernest Guinness for one has started off for a cruise in his famous and beautiful yacht, *Fantome*, and Mrs. Guinness will join him in a few days' time. Lord and Lady Malmesbury have also succumbed to the lure of the sea, though they will be home again, however, to spend Easter at Heron; and so has Lady Winifrede Elwes. Other departing and departed travellers include Admiral Mark Kerr who has gone on a two-months' cruise to the West Indies and America in the yacht *Enchantress*, Lord and Lady Leven who have gone to the States for six weeks, and the Duke of Argyll who is off for an extended tour through Europe. I am glad to hear, too, that Lady Cavan is well enough now, after her very long and serious illness, to be planning to start for Italy in about ten days' time.

The last thrill of last week, before the National, of course, was the first night of Mr. Cochran's 1930 *Revue*. We had heard so much about it that it would have been so easy to

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

cousins are the greatest friends but very different, Miss Helen Ward being fair and devoted to hunting and an open-air life, while Miss Arkwright is dark, and a clever artist who has studied really hard at the Slade.

The arrival of April is bringing nearly everybody back to England again

be disappointed, but I hardly think that even the most captious critic could pick many holes in it. And there are so many things in it which each alone make it worth while to go to the Pavilion to see. I loved the opening with its brilliant skit on the super-all-everything talkie, so wittily interrupted by Maisie Gay, and so ignominiously wiped out by Mr. Cochran's all flesh and blood and gorgeously-dressed young ladies.

But it's all so good. So beautifully staged and mounted, with enchanting music and just the right balance of humour and dancing. Maisie Gay is surely funnier than she has ever been before, and it's difficult to say whether she amused us most as the hard-riding Lady Diana Covertcoat, as the wife who cooks the omelette by wireless talk instruction, or as the late comer in the theatre. And she was so specially good as the flower seller in Piccadilly Circus. Ada May has lots to do too, and dances and sings in her own piquante and amusing way. I think I have seen Serge Lifar in ballets which have intrigued me more, but the 1830 scene with Nikitina, ending in a balloon ascent to heaven, is very lovely. And then there is Eric Marshall, who sings the lovely "Song in My Heart" with Gunda Mordhorst.

The house was packed, of course, as it always is for a Cochran first night. But I found the audience dull, except for a few exceptions, in comparison with the show. Still, there was Mr. Bernard Shaw, who appears still alive in the Madame Tussaud scene of 1980. And others I noticed were Sir Anthony and Lady Lindsay Hogg in one of the stage boxes, Baroness d'Erlanger. Lady Cunard wrapped in ermine, Mrs. Fitzalan Howard, and Mr. Cecil Beaton with one of his sisters. Lady Fitzherbert was there, too, and Mrs. Norman Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks, and Madame de Pena. And an altogether unexpected



Bassano
LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE

The pretty daughter of the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn, who will be presented at one of this year's Courts, of which there are to be five, the first on May 14

person in the shape of "Hutch," who was playing the piano in the orchestra. He had been called in, I heard, to help with the music, and had memorised everything since the previous Sunday. And how well he did play! — All my love to you dearest, yours ever, EVE.



H.E. THE RIGHT HON. SIR RONALD AND LADY LINDSAY

The new British Ambassador to Washington and his wife on board the "Aquitania" on their arrival in New York. Sir Ronald Lindsay succeeds Sir Esmé Howard. He is a brother of the Earl of Crawford

AT AINTREE LAST WEEK



LADY CHESTERFIELD AND MISS LAWSON



MISS WINNIE MELVILLE



MAJOR FETHERSTONHAUGH AND LADY SEFTON



MR. P. THURSBY AND MRS. RALPH THOMAS



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY, MRS. GILBERT COTTON, AND A FRIEND



LADY NOREEN BASS AND LADY SOPHIE SCOTT

Almost all the world and his wife were up Aintree way last week, and even on the day before the Grand National when all these snapshots were taken, the crowd was a big one, and people arrived in divisions and army corps. Lord Sefton and Sir William Bass, whose wives are in these pictures, were stewards of the meeting, Lord Sefton for both the flat and the jump races. Lady Noreen Bass, who is a sister of Lord Huntingdon, has now quite recovered from a very bad fall she got hunting with the Meynell. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey was, of course, in the Eaton house party, and Mrs. Gilbert Cotton is the wife of Major Gilbert Cotton, who won the National Hunt 'Chase on The Rejected IV in 1912, and is one of the best men in the Cheshire country. Mr. Midwood, the owner of the Grand National winner, Shaun Gollin, is Master of the Cheshire. Major Fetherstonhaugh is the manager of H.M. the King's Thoroughbred Stud, and Miss Winnie Melville, the charming actress, in private life is Mrs. Derek Oldham. Lady Chesterfield is an aunt of Lord Nunburnholme, and Miss Lawson is well known with the York and Ainsty

More pictures of this event in next week's issue

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

"Shows of Shows"—The Tivoli

WHEN will these American boosters realize that boosting, except to the completely stupid and uninitiated, does infinitely more harm than good? Good wine needs no bush, and to bring the entire forest of Birnam all the way from Hollywood in order to advertise a thin, unimportant little wine is to invite condemnation for that which otherwise might get off lightly enough. Cannot Hollywood realize that in this country we know something about revue? We do, in fact, know a great deal more about revue than apparently does Hollywood. We know about revues of all kinds; about those examples of design, colour, rhythm, and intelligent entertainment for the grown, sophisticated mind which are identified with the name of Charles Cochran. Mr. de Courville has taught us all about spectacle; Mr. Nelson Keys, Mr. Charlot, and Mr. Jack Hulbert about intimate delight; and Mr. Archie Pitt and Miss Gracie Fields all that we need know about rollicking fun and humour. A week ago every film-critic was deluged with advertising matter to suggest that in *Show of Shows* he was to see something of which the world held no parallel. Let me recount exactly what I saw at the Tivoli and let me also pray the reader to believe that I write as one who has been a fervent admirer of revues of all kinds ever since this art-form came into existence.

Revue may be divided into its component parts roughly as follows: colour with which is included spectacle, sound, and the revue-items including singing, dancing, and thumbnail examples of comedy and drama. Under the heading of colour I shall say that *Show of Shows* is colour-photography in its crudest, most garish kind, the resulting impression being that a child of seven has been let loose with a shilling box of paints. If a condition of good photography is good focussing then I shall say that this revue wholly fails, for there is no definition except in the close-ups, the majority of the big scenes being blurred and the participants unrecognizable one from another. Whether this is a result of too big a screen or the angle of vision, I am not technician enough to say; but I took the trouble to move from the side of the house where I was sitting to the plumb-centre of the theatre and found no improvement. In the matter of sound the revue has only one good tune, the one entitled "Singin' in the Bath-Tub," and incidentally the matter of this song is unimaginably inane. Further, the whole of the music is woefully reproduced, its volume being of the feeblest and its quality of the tinniest. This leaves the items, and here it is obvious that the American producers have once more succumbed to what they suppose to be the universal passion for celebrities, whether the celebrity does anything worth while or not. Georges Carpentier is raked in to sing a ditty so poor that it humiliates me to write of it, after which he lies on the floor and does physical jerks in the company of a hundred chorus-ladies. Then Richard Barthelmess appears and introduces eight pairs of sisters, each of which appears to have less talent than the preceding pair. I forget who introduces Miss Winnie Lightner who sings in her bath-tub, and all I remember of this artist is that with all her boisterousness she does not begin to have one-quarter of the talent of a Maisie Gay. Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog, then introduces a Chinese fantasy in which Miss Myrna Loy thinly pleases, after which a number of chorus-ladies climb up and down step-ladders in a manoeuvre which might be creditable to junior boys from a training-ship exhibiting at the Naval and Military Tournament. The feat is not graceful, not difficult, and not entertaining, and what it is there for heaven alone knows! Presently for no reason whatever Mr. John Barrymore introduces Shakespeare, the Duke of Gloster, and himself, after which he spouts the "Ay, Edward will use women honourably" soliloquy. This is quite well done, but why do it at all, for it miserably shows up everything that precedes and follows it?

And now I come to Miss Irene Bordoni, a *chanteuse* who devastated this country in *Little Miss Bluebeard*. The manner and methods of this artist were so miraculously foreseen by Huysmans in his description of the music hall that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of an abbreviated quotation: "To match the sounds which issued from her throat the singer had four gestures; one hand on her heart, the other down by her thigh—right arm in front, left arm behind—the same action reversed, both hands stretched out towards the public. She bawled the verses left and right alternately, opening and shutting her eyes according as the rasping melody was doleful or trivial.

From the back rows where Désirée sat, her mouth, wide open for the last verse, had all the blackness of a cavern. The singer gave off her last note and bowed once more. Then picking up her skirt and with a last grin and smirk she trotted off to a deafening cannonade of bravos and encores. Désirée was pale with admiration. To begin with the verses had

a sense of sentimentality. Again the singer seemed to her to be lovely as a queen, with all her bracelets and ornaments and the undulating skirt. It was obvious that the cheeks were rouged and the eyelashes pencilled, but what with the lights and the scenery the woman seemed to get some sort of enticement into her performance." Strangely enough the audience at the Tivoli seemed to have a greater sense of humour than Désirée, and the singer's performance provoked not a little derision. Indeed for her Huysmans might have written the concluding lines of his sonnet:

Et c'est là cependant
Que toi, mon seul amour, toi, mes seules délices,
Tu brames tous les soirs d'infâmes ritournelles,
Et que, la bouche en cœur, l'œil clos, le bras pendant,
Tu souris aux voyous, ô la Reine des belles!

A certain liveliness sprang up in connection with the performance of some coloured dancers, after which the *compère* appeared without his trousers and conducted a lengthy argument with a chorus-lady, the solecism being the entire point. But the complete ineffectiveness of the show is to be judged by the fact that, according to the programme, appearances were made by Miss Beatrice Lillie and Miss Louise Fazenda without my noticing them. Going through the revue item by item, I can only think of six which could have found a place in any first-class London revue. These were an acrobatic turn, some negro dancers, the Barrymore recitation, the *compère*—amusing for so long as he was trousered—the old-time episode entitled *A Bicycle Made for Two*, and a really brilliant finale. It is quite possible that *Show of Shows* may please chawbacons in the Cotswolds who have never seen two hundred women together except at an annual fair. But this is a standard of criticism which readers of this paper will not ask me to take into account. I like revue just as much as I like liqueur brandy. But to boost this revue outrageously is like offering one a marvellous balloon-glass, and then pouring into it a cognac of indiscernible aroma. Frankly, if Messrs. Warner Brothers had said: "This isn't a bad little hotch-potch. Why not while away half-an-hour at it?" I should have written entirely differently. No one who wants praise for his mole-hill should hold out promise of a mountain. This is what Messrs. Warner Brothers, when they boosted this film, did. The *Secrets of Nature* film which preceded the main piece was delightful, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. 1



RAQUEL TORRES WITH THE WAR PAINT ON!

The famous Mexican film star, who went straight from a convent school in Los Angeles to become Monte Blue's leading lady in "White Shadows of the South Seas"—and she has never looked back since

PLAYERS AND A PORTRAITIST



Stage Photo Co.

GRACE WILSON AS CHRISSIE PRINGLE,
AND EDMOND BERESFORD AS PETER
DUNSHIE IN "A SONG OF SIXPENCE"

The latest success at Daly's Theatre, "A Song of Sixpence," by Ian Hay and Guy Bolton, is a Scottish comedy of domestic life in Dumpherston Glen, with a Barresque charm and full of laughter and fun. The question as to who should pull the purse-strings is the centre of the story, and when Chrissie Pringle (Grace Wilson) suggests to her bungalow-building fiancé, David Ballantyne (Ian Hunter), that he should make her a fixed allowance on her marriage, everyone is embroiled in a family dispute in which sex antagonism is rampant. Chrissie is the daughter of Adam Pringle, the stationmaster, whose son Robert (Jack Lambert), also concerned in the building trade, has brought an American wife, Luella (Olive Blakeney), home from the States. This Bunty from the Land of Liberty, who has a good deal to do with the ultimate armistice between the sexes, is played with an entertaining crispness by Miss Blakeney, and Mr. Lambert, straight from the Ardrossan Players, an amateur society, is quite amazingly good. Many well-known people have sat to Mrs. Walter Keigwin, who paints under her maiden name of Kitty Shannon. Last week she was exhibiting at her house in Lowndes Square the portraits which are to illustrate a book about present-day personalities in which she and Lady Eleanor Smith are collaborating. The pictures include studies of Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, Miss Baby Jungman, and Lady Eleanor herself



AS THE ARTIST SEES HERSELF:
KITTY SHANNON (MRS. KEIGWIN)



Stage Photo Co.

JACK LAMBERT AS ROBERT PRINGLE, AND OLIVE BLAKENEY AS HIS WIFE



THE 66 TO 1 LINCOLN WINNER, LEONIDAS II

It was a case of *Vive La France* in the Lincoln, even though the much-fancied Slipper was not the medium, and refused to try after the first two hundred yards. Leonidas II is owned by M. Marcel Boussac and was ridden by Southey and trained by Sam Darling. He had never run in England before, though he was sent over for the Jubilee last year and then withdrawn

THE Grand Military was held on the official first day of spring, March 21, and if only the weather for the rest of the year will live up to its start we can have no complaints. Sandown was as crowded as for an Eclipse day, with tall, dark, handsome, soldier-like men escorting their dressiest girl friends, and the cynic who once remarked that the only thing more hideous than a water buffalo was a gunner's wife would have had to eat his words. The shorter, fairer, less soldier-like men were so busy changing into jockey costume, walking home after their falls, and dragging new kit-bags full of lead from their cars to the weighing-room and back, that they had no time for the social amenities, and so lost far more than half the fun of this always pleasant meeting.

The riding was well above the normal standard, and the cold courage of some of the jockeys undeniable. To ride over Liverpool on a horse that has been schooled and can, or has, jumped the course, is Ludo to a bull-fight compared to an Aldershot subaltern riding three miles round Sandown on a semi-fit unschooled animal whose claims to being a race-horse consist in having seen a quick thing with the Garth from Wellington College to Wokingham.

Captain Lumsden wins a good many soldiers' races, but this time his horse, when going well in the Maiden Hunters' 'Chase, stood back from outside the wings, and hitting the top of the fence, Catherine-wheeled himself over, his owner preceding him twenty yards like a clay pigeon out of a trap. Unhurt, unruffled, and apparently not even surprised, he looks like training on into one of the old soldiers who only fade away. The race was won comfortably by Genoa, who, extremely well ridden, made all the running and fenced like an Easter Hero. Sir Humphrey de Trafford,

RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"

who was at the meeting, very seldom rides now, and Colonel George Paynter and Mr. Harry Brown, who used to be such punters' standbys, have given it up altogether. Mr. Geoff Poole rode Sir Humphrey's horse for him, and also Glanmore for Captain Tommy McDougal, who has been able to hunt again regularly this year. The horse unluckily went lame two fences from home when he looked to have won his race. Mr. Brownhill rode what appeared to be the better race to win the Gold Cup on Drintyre, after which the horse "napped" it, and refusing to come back into the paddock had to be unsaddled in the members' enclosure.

It was amusing before this race to study the tragedy written all over Bert Gordon's face as he studied Percy Woodland's spring-racing costume, knowing that he could never eclipse or equal it, and that merely to produce the model in a new shade would destroy a reputation for sartorial originality.

The spring weather brought out several of the early flat-racing enthusiasts, among them Lord Lovat, Captain Victor Gilpin, who is getting a strong team of horses together at Clarehaven, and Lord Carnarvon. The latter has bought Lights o' London to ride himself, and intends this season to stage a come-back to the pigskin, or perhaps the doeskin would be the more correct. The race for the Imperial Cup was a triumph of handicapping, and resulted in the first three horses being separated by a few inches. G. Duller and J. Bell, the trainers, should know more about Imperial Cups than the next man, the former having ridden the winner of, I believe, nine, and the latter having trained several of them. With one horse falling and one breaking down, it was not Mrs. Redmond's day out, but they and C. Chapman have been more than lucky.

The totalisator at Sandown is a blot on the lovely paddock, but as it is labelled "temporary building" it will perhaps be shifted. The volume of betting on it would seem to be diminutive for such a crowd, and the £4 extra bookmaker's badge didn't seem to lessen the crowd of satchels on the rails. Something will have to be arranged for extra car-parking facilities, as some of the late-comers had to leave their cars and walk a mile, while some of the early arrivals are at the time of writing just about getting away out of the jumbled-up enclosures.

The opening day of the flat at Lincoln was not a true bestially raw Lincoln day, and the going was quite fair. Large fields of horses turned out in far more forward condition than is usual at this time of year, and there are rumours about of several two-year-olds which have beaten the old horses at levels at home. With so many forward horses it will take a month to get the two-year-old form shaken down, but Tourmaline, the Brocklesby winner, is probably



AT THE LAUDERDALE POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. A. D. Paton, a well-known personality in the north, who acted as starter, and Miss Charlotte Younger. The Edinburgh Garrison joined forces with the Lauderdale Hunt. Some other pictures appear on other pages in this issue

Ian Smith

(Continued on p. vi)

THE LONDON CORNISH ASSOCIATION



PERSONALITIES IN THE DUCHY—BY FRED MAY

The fortieth annual dinner of the London Cornish Association was held at the Cecil, Mr. Justice Hawke, the President of the Association, being present, and the gathering entirely characteristic of those who in the strenuous hour when Philip of Spain designed to make England one of his provinces left their skiffs on Tamar's glittering waves and poured to war from Mendip's caves. Mr. George Lory was in the chair. Mr. John Kinsman is chairman of the London Cornish Association, and Mr. William Kittow is ex-President of the Cardiff Cornish Association.



MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM AND A FRIEND

At the English-speaking Union Ball at the Suffolk Galleries. Mr. Stephen Graham is the acknowledged first authority on the Eastern end of Europe and all that thereunto appertains, and a great number of his books deal with Russia, her problems, and her tragedies

Our "Dream Country."

I SUPPOSE we are all of us going or peradventure coming back, from some happy "Dream Country." It is, of course, a dream which we tell no one, only we ourselves explore it. People always interpret other people's dreams so prosaically. And whatever this happy country of our dreams may be it isn't the least prosaic. Nor are we daunted if we never find it. It is round the corner all the time. Sometimes, it is true, it is behind us—when we think of the long-ago, marveling that we did not realize it to have been such a joyous period when actually we lived therein; equally true it is that sometimes it lies in front of us—in a few more years, when we have saved a little more money. Or, simply indefinitely, as something we are working for, denying ourselves for, looking forward, always looking forward, to that dawn when we shall cease from worrying and being worried, shall find peace and contentment, to become once again almost as care-free as we were when we were twenty-one. Sometimes we really do think that we have found it and, so to speak, peg out our claim. But it doesn't turn out to be nearly so nice as we anticipated, and so once more we fold up our tents and go to seek it afresh elsewhere. Occasionally we believe that it lies behind us, in some spot where once upon a time we think we were much happier than we actually were. So we retrace our steps, imagining that we can recapture the old glamour. But wherever that glamour may be, the only part which remains is a sadness as of something which can never happen again. In Somerset Maugham's book, "The Gentleman in the Parlour" (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)—incidentally by far the most interesting book I have read this week—there is the brief study of a man who went back to what, ever since he left it, seemed like the happy country; only, of course, when he sought it again he found himself miserably disillusioned. True his happy country was not a very elevating one. It was London, or rather London's Night Life. But he was that kind of man. He had left England in disgrace, settling in China. For twenty years he lived economically so that one day he could return to London and indulge once more in wine, women, and race-meetings. He even kept himself chaste, so far as native women were concerned, because he could not forget the gay ladies of the Empire promenade, nor how they had loved him in their way. He was a young man then, but like most of us he still didn't feel old, so he could not realize that he was old or rather oldish. At last the great day arrived when he could return to his happy country. He arrived in London; he returned to his old haunts; he began some easy love affairs. But the London to which he came back had forgotten all about him. It was noisy, crowded, bewildering. The old haunts had vanished or had become too respectable to be endured. The gay girls called him uncle and sometimes daddy behind his back. They all wanted to know what he was worth. His dream had become a nightmare. So, disillusioned, he returned to China. No not to China, because China had now taken the place of England as his happy country. His nerve failed him in case that, too, should be only another disillusion. So he stayed on at Haiphong, married a native woman, and degenerated physically, morally, and spiritually further than ever. But what did it

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

matter? He didn't care! The thought consoled him that one day he would break away and go back to China, where he, after all, had had a better time than he realized. "One day," he said to himself. "One day" . . . Well, what would any of us do without that all-consoling thought?

The Perfect Travel Book.

If the perfection of a book of travels lies in the fact that the author makes it difficult for you to realize that, as you are reading, you are not actually *there*, then "The Gentleman in the Parlour" comes very near perfection. Mr. Maugham is a traveller after my own heart. He simply makes a rough plan of the places he intends to visit, the countries he wishes to see, otherwise he leaves everything to chance and to inclination, which is as travelling should be. What bores people are who only look upon a trip abroad as the chance of "doing" places. They return with all that information which is most dull, and if they write a book it is usually to compare, describe, judge, and have conversation with a few of the local big-wigs. Mr. Maugham travels otherwise. Yet all the same he manages to see the things most worth seeing. But the interest of his book lies in his own reactions to them, to his enchanting descriptions of people and places; to his vivid little character studies of queer men and women with whom he came in contact; to his wonderful way of making those things which no guide-book ever mentions, since they do not rank among the "sights," most picturesque of all, as in a foreign country they always are! The book is the description of a journey from Rangoon to Haiphong, travelling by river to Mandalay; on horse-back through the mountains and forests of the Shan States to Bangkok. As the places attracted him or "left him cold" so he remained or passed on quickly. He followed his mood. Thus the personal note running throughout the book is one of its most attractive features. One feels that none of the places he visited, few of the things he *did*, were necessary for our interest and enjoyment. He could have stayed at home, and yet managed to write a book delightful and worth reading. I have begun to read parts of the present one all over again. It has no illustrations however, but for me that is no disadvantage. I hate an author's snapshots, with either himself or his wife stuck right in the middle of the picture. I prefer the "wonders of the world" unimpeded by the snapshot grin.

Thoughts from "The Gentleman in the Parlour."

The extraordinariness of a man's life does not make him extraordinary, but contrariwise, if a man is extraordinary he will make extraordinariness out of a life as humdrum as that of a country curate."

"Nature and the beauty of nature are dead and senseless things, and it is only art that can give them significance."

"It is one of the misfortunes to which the writer is subject that he is too little praised when he is alive and too much when he is dead."

(Continued on p. 12)



MISS OLIVE WADSLEY

Whose newest and probably most brilliant book is "Spring Dust." It is a story full of surprises and the various characters are drawn with a very vivid touch. Olive Wadsley has contributed many short sketches to "The Tatler"

STRAIGHT TO THE "POINT"!

By George Belcher



" Bein' a lady, I didn't stoop to no vulgar abuse. I just give 'er a sock on the jaw, see?"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

An Adventure of the Stage

Books of reminiscences are among the more delightful of any books to read, always providing that the writer is not seemingly inspired by that snobbery which presupposes that his book simply must be peppered by as many anecdotes concerning the Great as may well entitle it to the immortality of history. So, too many reminiscences become little more than pages of family, social, or political gossip, as if the writer's life had consisted entirely of dining out and listening at keyholes. Everything, indeed, which makes the story of a life interesting, its ambitions, failures, sorrows, joys, the eventual philosophy which the years always teach us at long last, ignored for the sake of recounting little stories of how the more famous conducted themselves at odd moments. But this dull atmosphere can happily not be counted against either "The Life and Reminiscences of Jessie Bond" (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

or against "Vagaries of a 'Vagabond'" (Heath Cranton. 12s. 6d.), by George Gray, remembered theatrically as "The Fighting Parson." Dear Jessie Bond tells us the story of her own life as if, in a book of reminiscences, this was all that mattered, *as indeed it is!* She rarely drags in the Great People she has met, except occasionally the late King Edward, who at least figures in one personal memory as sadly lacking in the manners of a gentleman. So, as for the moment he had forgotten them, Jessie Bond forgot her manners to royalty. She sat down while she left His Majesty standing, and went on with her own knitting. And that virtue of down-rightness, of standing no silly nonsense, was one among the great secrets of her own personal charm. Which always, incidentally, makes me wonder that she did not die of mental suffocation when, after her marriage, she retired from the stage and went to live in a village near Newark-on-Trent. I know the locality so well! Elsewhere she tells us of the early struggles of her theatrical career. They were hard struggles too, because in those days an actress had to be so much more than merely pretty, just able to dance a little and sing less; she had to know her job thoroughly. Even so, "near-stardom" was only remunerated at a few pounds a week. Her account of the inner history of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operas, with which her name will always be associated, is very interesting. Also her criticism of the present interpretation of the ancient Savoy traditions in regard to acting and production. It is the story of a hard-working but very interesting life, and it is told so simply that it reads rather like listening to a charming conversation. Moreover, the personality of Jessie Bond is not swamped by stories of other actors and actresses. She quite often evades her professional career to step out of her pages to become a woman leading her own personal, private life. It is this personal, friendly touch which makes her story so delightful to read, quite apart from the account she gives of her professional life as one of the most popular actress-singers of the late-Victorian era.

Interesting Vagabondage.

Much the same compliment can also be paid to Mr. Gray's book. True, it teems with theatrical anecdotes, mostly amusing, but it also gives a very interesting outline of the writer's own personal life story. For years a member of the famous Kendal company (a charming photograph of Dame Madge Kendal makes an adorning Frontispiece, and an equally charming letter written by her to the author—the book's

introduction), he became famous later on as the hero of two sketches which made music-hall history, "The Road to Ruin" and "The Fighting Parson." He is now one of the Pillars of State in the island of Jersey. You find in his reminiscences a series of vivid pictures of theatrical life of a generation ago, as well as the story of the ups and downs of a hard-working actor. Maybe it is a middle-aged reader's book, because the reminiscences quite naturally deal with actors and actresses of a dead yesterday. But every such reader who is still interested in the theatrical celebrities of the past, or as a matter of fact anyone at all who is interested in an actor's life, both on the stage and off, will find it absorbing. As I have already mentioned, the book simply abounds with anecdotes. Here is one: "On a subsequent visit to Blackpool I was amazed to see the way in which I was advertised. In double-crown letters was the announcement 'George Gray—the Coming Man.' I immediately went to the manager, a Lancashireman, and explained that I didn't like being billed as the 'coming man.' It was too suggestive of the Messiah, and I had already been much annoyed by facetious jokes. In strong dialect the manager replied, 'Miss Sier, she's nowt been 'ere!'" Finally let me add that both the reminiscences of Miss Jessie Bond and of Mr. George Gray are embellished by the reproduction of *very few* press-cuttings and compliments, but happily by numerous old theatrical photographs, always a joy to meet again.



Plebeian Person: Tell me, do you reckon that your pictures furnish well?

A Hero Who Was Never Given a Chance.

There is a murder in Sylvia Hooke's grim yet very sincere novel, "Aubrey Dene" (Longman's. 7s. 6d.), but it is only part of the machinations of a fate which pursues poor Leonard so relentlessly that, at last, one can scarcely believe his tragedy, and so are less moved by it than one should be. The writer, indeed, has weighted the dice so heavily against all the nicest characters in the story that their tragedy carries less conviction than it might. Leonard's father, Sir Denis of Aubrey Dene, murdered his wife under terrible provocation. For lack of evidence however he is acquitted,

but because he loves his son so deeply he confesses to him the truth. Leonard still remains loyal because he loves his father. Neighbours are less complaisant however, especially the local squire, a loathsome creature with whose daughter, Victoria, Leonard is in love. Nevertheless the boy breaks off the engagement under the circumstances, though the effort nearly breaks his heart. Nor do his trials end there. Flood, suicide, arson at Victoria's home, finally the horrors of the Great War drag the wretched youth into one calamity after another. Only at the end is there a ray of happiness for him, but even that is quickly extinguished. He is killed. Thus never at any moment does his creator ever give him even one sporting chance. Even real life usually manages to do that. It is this ruthless treatment of him which, curiously enough, is the main fault of nevertheless a very interesting and a very well-written novel. It appears too much as if agony were piled upon agony in order to be purposely agonising, and the result somewhat defeats its own purpose. One expects the worst invariably. There is no suspense. Yet here is a novel which is both sincere, thoughtful, and also unusual in the more interesting sense of the uncommon.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxvi of this issue

MORE POINT-TO-POINTERS



Poole, Dublin
THE DUCHESS DE STACPOOLE AT THE KILL HARRIERS' PT.-TO-PT.



MISS DEL ISMAY, MRS. BYNG, MISS V. LOCKETT, AND MISS LITTLE AT THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT



Poole, Dublin
THE DUKE DE STACPOOLE SHOWS SIGNS OF A FALL



AT THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT:
CAPTAIN AND MRS. SHENNAN AND (right) MRS. MCDUGALL AND SIR H. DE TRAFFORD



WITH ROSETTA: CAPTAIN CAMPBELL, WINNER OF EARL BEATTY'S CUP

Personalities at the Army Point-to-Point and Kill Harriers' Hunt Races feature on this page. At the latter event the Master, the Duke de Stacpoole, met the camera shortly after he had fallen at the water in the Light Weight Race. The Duke, whose title comes from the Papal States, is Irish on his mother's side, and owns Mount Hazel in Co. Galway and Tobertynan in Co. Meath. Plenty of people went to watch the soldiers ride at Great Brington, and the entries were most satisfactory. There was a fine finish for Earl Beatty's Cup, Captain J. C. Campbell, on his own horse, Tally Ho, winning by half a length from Mr. F. R. C. Fosdick on Jonah. Captain Campbell, whose daughter, Rosetta, was there to see the fun, is an instructor at Weedon

OUR RIVIERA LETTER

MY DEAR TATLER,—I seem to have been moving about a good deal this last week for I spent a couple of days at Bordighera, where I found quite a lot of English folk playing in the lawn tennis tournament there, amongst them Lord Rochdale, who is a great enthusiast.

Then I went on to San Remo, which this year is enjoying a great season of prosperity, partly owing, no doubt, to its wonderful casino, which is quite one of the most complete things I have ever seen.

Coming back to Monte Carlo again, we found a wonderful Russian charity gala dinner at the Paris, where I saw the Grand Duke Andrew, also the Grand Duke Dimitri, who had a large and very cheery party including the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, Prince and Princess Krasinsky, Lady Stevenson Kent, Madame Irene Dana, and General and Madame Polotzoff.

There were many very lovely women present, noticeably Madame Lucien Lelong, who looks beautifully willowy in her long frocks and has the most beautiful figure in the world. Mrs. Redmond McGrath looked very well in dark blue chiffon with a lovely necklet of lapis lazuli and old silver which we all admired.

Now that the weather is so beautiful a great many people take the funicular railway up to Mont Agel for golf, and there was an excellent entry for Prince Pierre's Cup, which was won by Mr. Newland, with Colonel Ralph Cobbold and Jones close behind Sir Walter de Frece



LADY MARY HOPE AND MR. F. A. WARD
At Cannes last week, where Lady Mary Hope is playing in the Cannes Club Lawn Tennis Tournament with her brother, Lord Charles Hope

Sir William Yarworth has been able to get more golf just lately, as I am glad to say his wife is ever so much better at last, in fact this week she hopes to leave the Mentone nursing home where she has spent such a long time this winter, and go off to recuperate quietly with her husband.

It is delightful news to hear that our other well-known invalid, Mr. W. J. Locke (who was taken from Roquebrune to Paris last week), is also much better. He is such a tremendous favourite with everyone in the South, and there has been a very great deal of anxiety felt during the last few weeks.

There are great preparations going on in the Principality for the big motor race on April 6. Huge stands are going up, and people are busy looking up the particular rooftop on which they mean to spend the afternoon. I must say I am hugely looking forward to

the race itself, but I can't help rather dreading next week, when for days before the event we shall be waked out of our early morning sleep by the scream of the great cars as they tear through the empty streets for their two hours' *entrainement* between five and seven.

Apart from the Monte Carlo race, there is the big Paris-Nice rally, in which over sixty cars are taking part, and there is besides a wonderful *Concours d'Elégance* being held on the Promenade des Anglais this week-end at Nice, where there are some of the most lovely *voitures de luxe* (some of them driven by very charming lady drivers) that I have ever seen.

Everyone is much concerned with charity affairs for the poor victims of the flooded South-Western France districts, and there is great interest taken in the Duchess de Vendôme's big garden party at the Château de St. Michel this week-end, where there is a large committee composed of all the best-known notabilities on the Riviera, and where one of the items will be a tea, served to only a hundred guests, by ex-King Manoel of Portugal and his Queen, for which the tickets will be no less than a mille each. This seems to have been a most popular idea, for no sooner was the tea-party announced than demands for tickets flowed in by 'phone, wire, and motor-car, so that there is no doubt that all the hundred places will be gone long before the day comes.

Another attraction which is interesting many people is the squash rackets tournament, where both men and women

players (amongst the latter little Miss Susan Noel, the daughter of that very much-beloved "Nolly" of Queen's Club) are taking part. In addition of course the Cannes Club, which has perhaps the largest membership list of any club in Cannes, is holding its open tournament, and there are crowds of champions to be seen daily, among others Señorita de Alvarez, who is not competing but just putting in a little practice before playing at the Beau Site next week. Lady Cholmondeley is amongst the women competitors, and I saw also Lady Coleridge Kennard, who I am glad to say is ever so much better and stronger now, and takes her hour's practice on the courts each day as a mere matter of course. Lord Roundway and Lord Cholmondeley, both take a great deal of interest in the Club, and it certainly is a wonderfully well-run affair.

(Continued on p. xxii)



MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY AND MISS WREY

Outside the Cannes Club last week. Mr. Charles Kingsley is the famous tennis star, who was knocked out in the semi-final of the Singles by Big Bill Tilden



THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW AND LORD HOPETOUN

Another snapshot during the Cannes Club Tournament, at which all the big guns were competing. Lord Hopetoun, who is 18, is Lord and Lady Linlithgow's son



JUST A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A POLICEMAN'S WIFE

By P. Bellew



A STUDY IN MAUVE

By Forster



VISCOUNTESS HARDINGE
AND HER SON
HENRY NICHOLAS PAUL

Following the excellent example of Lord Minto and Lord Haddington, Lord Hardinge chose his bride from Canada, their marriage taking place in 1928. Lady Hardinge was formerly Miss Margot Fleming, and is the only child of Mr. Hugh Fleming of Wynyards, Rockcliffe, Ottawa. Her husband used to be in the 7th Hussars, and they originally met when he was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of the Dominion

Portraits by Lenare



PRISCILLA IN PARIS



NOT AS EASY AS ALL THAT!

Glenn Ellyn, the American acrobatic dancer who has been having a big success at the Folies Bergère in Paris, is shortly coming to London for a short season. This picture was not taken from an aeroplane as might be supposed, but by an enterprising gentleman up in what are called the floats

TRÈS CHER. . . . A storm of protestation has been raised at the news that the municipal authorities of Monchamps—the little village where Clemenceau is buried—have decided to build a broad highway leading to the great man's grave. Remembering Clemenceau's voluntary retirement from the world during the last years of his life, his hatred of pomp and display, his often expressed desire to be allowed to lie in the solitude of his much-loved Vendean woods. I sympathize with those who protest and who foresee the bustling crowd of summer tourists, the noisy charabancs, the holiday makers, the excursionists who will come from the Sables d'Olonne, from Noirmoutier (my own beloved little island), from Nantes, and all around. I can visualise the picnic parties and their "leavings" of torn papers and broken bottles, I can imagine the picture post-card vendors (there will probably be a special post-box near the grave), and it will all, I quite agree, be most horrible. And yet . . . and yet . . . I suppose there is something infinitely touching in the homage of an anonymous crowd. Napoleon is not diminished by the clattering of the sightseers' feet around his marble tomb. Marshal Foch, also under the same golden dome of the Invalides, and the Unknown Warrior, beneath the draughtymassiveness of the Arc de Triomphe, do not sleep less soundly under their daily renewed laurels and the rekindled flame. . . . All those who visit Clemenceau's grave—given the scheme is put into practice—will, one hopes, remember the grand old man's proud aloofness, and realize that they are there on sufferance.

I have just finished the late George Adam's remarkable biography, "The Tiger (Georges Clemenceau, 1841-1929)." It held me enthralled by the picture it gives not only of the man himself but of the France of his time . . . or should I say his "times" since he lived under so many régimes. George Adam knew his France and his Paris and his French politician so soundly that every line of his book is of absorbing interest. Being cursed with an Oliver Twisty nature, I personally could have wished for more about his boyhood in my beloved Vendée and of his schooldays at Nantes, but this, I am well aware, would have upset the remarkable balance of the biography which, as it stands, forms such a perfect

whole. George Adam closes the last chapter with the proclamation of his belief that "He (Clemenceau) lived too vividly, too aggressively not to have left behind him numbers of embittered foes," . . . but that "in his own country it may be that time will place him in true perspective . . ." How true this is; I am thinking of the enmities he aroused; I well know of this, having heard many of the middle-aged politicians of to-day speak of him with a bitterness that even his long silence and his death have not calmed, and I think that George Adam's book will do more to obtain that true and greatly needed perspective than any that I have read. How I hope that it will be translated into French.



PRINCESS PETER OF MONTENEGRO

Who is coming to London in June with her husband. This picture was taken in the garden of their villa, Namouna, on the Riviera

I was writing last week of the great rush to help raise funds for the flood-devastated regions of France. All classes of Society have done, or are doing, their utmost according to their means. Balls and bazaars and various theatrical performances have been organized—pity our poor, overworked stars!—but the most interesting function of all will no doubt be the gala performance at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées on March 31, at which only coloured artistes will appear since it is due to them that the whole affair is organized. Every shade in the colour scale will be seen, the palest to the darkest and back again . . . but nary a "white"! A wonderful "jazz" is promised; a sort of massed effect I imagine of all the many-coloured players in Paris. Benglia, the well-known actor who created Emperor Jones at the Odéon, and had such a success in *Maya*, will "speak a piece"; a celebrated coloured novelist will say a few words; Josephine Baker (due to appear, I believe, in the Folies Bergère revue) will shake a dusky and shapely leg (*et le reste*). . . . We wonder, given the immense reception they received at their various appearances at the Salle Pleyel, whether Paul Robeson and Layton and Johnstone will put in an appearance . . . but no doubt they are touring Europe beyond recall.

Quite amusing the poster that has just made its appearance on the colonnes Morris (nothing to do with Jane Aubert's husband!) and the Paris hoardings. It is the reproduction in profile of two heads, he-male and she-male. Underneath runs the caption: "THEY are playing at the Théâtre de la Madeleine." Quite so, and

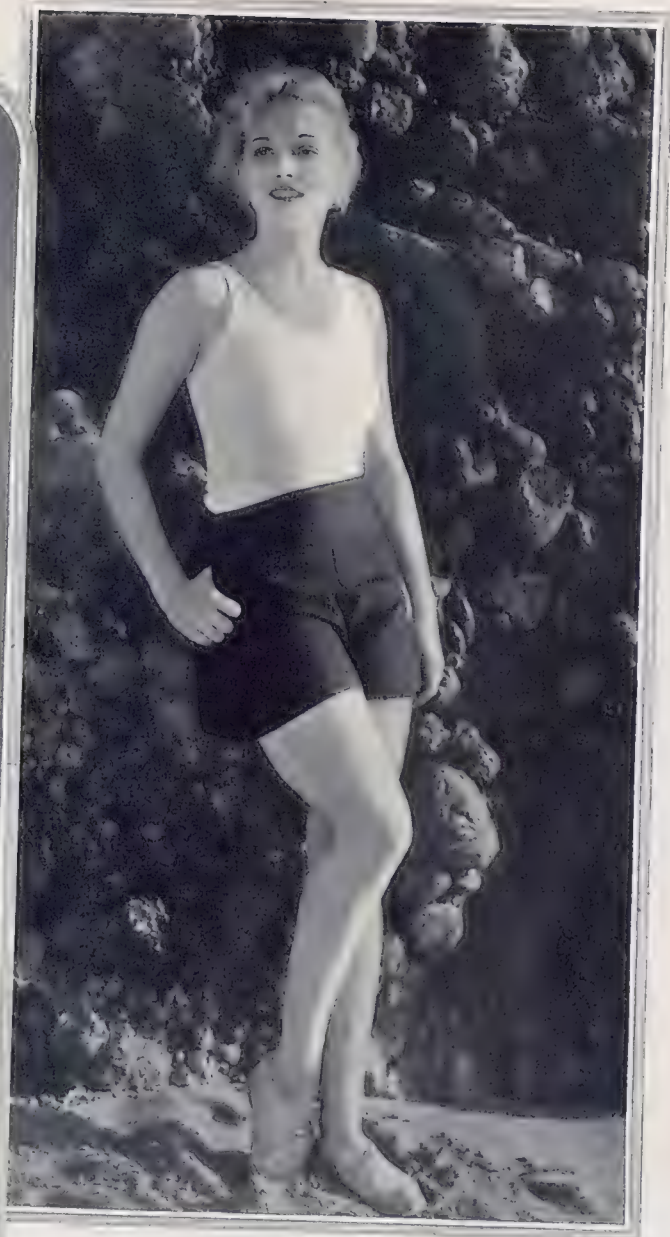
(Continued on p. xxii)

IN THE ARC LIGHT



Ruth Harriet Louise
DOROTHY JORDAN

The beautiful Dorothy Jordan has been appearing most recently with Ramon Novarro in both "Devil May Care" and "House of Troy," and is one of the stars which some inspired producer has discovered without the aid of a long-distance telescope. Both these pictures are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. Leila Hyams, who is rated the best swimmer in the whole film colony of Hollywood, is a lovely blonde who made a name for herself in amongst many other pictures, "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "One Round Hogan." Maurice Chevalier, whose big film is "The Love Parade," now on at the Carlton Theatre in the Haymarket is more or less a new recruit to the movies, but they think so much of his chances that they have rated him a re-incarnation of Valentino without that famous film-actor's good looks



LEILA HYAMS



MAURICE CHEVALIER, THE NEW VALENTINO

AND SO TO SANDOWN



CAPTAIN AND LADY MARY HERBERT



LIEUT.-COL. AND LADY MOIRA COMBE



F.-M. SIR GEORGE MILNE AND MISS MILNE

LORD ESME GORDON-LENNOX AND
THE DUCHESS OF RICHMONDLADY JEAN BERTIE, LADY BETTY TRAFFORD,
AND LADY SUFFIELDLADY RACHEL HOWARD AND THE
DUKE OF NORFOLK

The weather was brilliantly fine for both days of the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, and the Members' Lawn was so crowded that at times the traffic problem there became acute. No one could wish to see a better contested race than the Gold Cup, though after his victory Drintyre's unwillingness to face the crowd and enter the unsaddling enclosure held up proceedings for some twenty-five minutes, until Mr. Brownhill was given permission by the stewards to dismount and lead him in. The second day also provided some excellent finishes, notably in the Imperial Cup, the season's star hurdle handicap, won by Rubicon II, and in the Victory 'Chase, in which Major Gossage on General Advance was carrying round about 3 stone of dead weight. Lady Mary Herbert, who married Captain J. A. Herbert in 1924, is Lord and Lady Ilchester's elder daughter. Colonel Combe used to be in the Blues, to which regiment the Duke of Norfolk was gazetted last year. Sir George Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who possesses a very pretty daughter, was promoted Field-Marshal in 1928. Lady Jean Bertie is Lord Bute's younger daughter, and Lady Suffield is a sister of the new Lady Coventry.

HUNTING: THE REAL THING AND OTHERWISE



Arthur Owen
LORD AND LADY MOSTYN WITH THE BEAUFORT



A FILM HUNT: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AND MR. EDWARD FITZCLARENCE



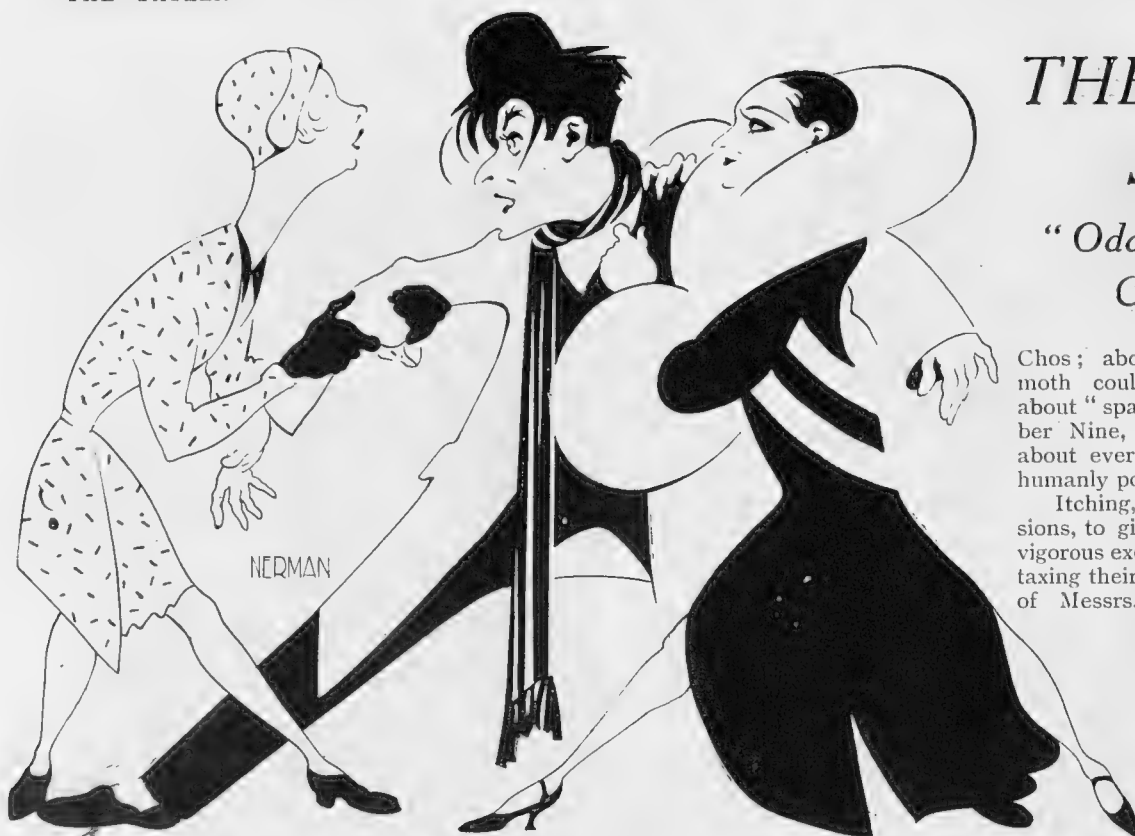
ARTHUR THATCHER FOR THE ATHERSTONE

Bale

Sir Gerald Du Maurier and Mr. Fitzclarence, who is a son of the late General Fitzclarence, V.C., were with the Fitzwilliam hounds "making" a hunting scene which has been interpolated into the talkie version of John Galsworthy's "Escape," in which of course Sir Gerald Du Maurier plays the escaped convict. Lord and Lady Mostyn were with the Beaufort when they met at Sutton Benger last week. Dust is beginning to appear everywhere. Arthur Thatcher, who was forbidden ever to ride again after a bad fall he got when he was huntsman to the Fernie, has made a wonderful recovery and is now as fit as ever he was. He goes as huntsman to the Atherstone, which have been hunted since 1924 by the Master, Captain Edward Ramsden. Arthur Thatcher was born in 1870, and became huntsman of the Fernie in 1907, and before that had the Cottesmore, 1900-1907

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Odd Numbers," at the Comedy Theatre



MISS MARGARET BAIRD, MR. HENRY KENDALL, AND MISS JEANNE PLANAS

Maggie Maclean (Miss Margaret Baird), the blameless lass fra Aberdeen, the equally blameless hero, John Strange, who is content to be mistaken for Number One, head of a desperate gang of international crooks, following his adventures at a night-club; and Lola, the vamp, one of the jewel-snatchers whose official number, however, is not signalled. This is just the kind of kettle of fish that emphasizes Mr. Kendall's savoir faire as a farceur

THROUGH all the changing scenes of farce, in trouble and in strife . . . That might be the beginning of a high-brow hymn of hate consigning all farce-makers to perdition. (High-brows dislike farce because it is invariably blithering and frequently boresome.) I shall not say "Amen" to all that. A good farce is a healthy *apéritif* to the next day's work. Nature may have blundered over the human appendix, but she made no mistake over the muscles of risibility. Or is it the larynx? I once tried to read Bergson on Laughter in bed, but the strain of reducing funniness to a formula sent me to sleep after the first thirty pages. Since when I have got no further.

Laughter and logic are such strange bedfellows that I beseech the seeker after truth to leave Bergson behind if his destination be the Comedy Theatre. If he laughs, not once but again and again, good luck to him. The nervous contortions responsible for wringing glee from the glotis (or wherever it comes from) are doing their post-prandial part to further the process of digestion. That is my theory, and it will take a doctor to prove me wrong. Laughter is to happiness as health is to life—or if it isn't it ought to be. Moreover it is better to laugh unworthily than never laugh at all.

And so to *Odd Numbers*, in a frame of mind impervious to logic or uplift, and with the membranes of mirth cheerfully exposed to every passing germ of inanity. Thanks to the efforts of two authors (Messrs. George Arthurs and Arthur Miller) and two producers (Messrs. Austin Melford and Leslie Henson), there is no dearth of the bacilli of back-chat. In fact this crook-comedy vies with that admirable musical comedy without music, *A Warm Corner* (producers as before), for the distinction of cramming the most jokes into three acts.

The advantage of handing out jokes by the hundred is obvious. Once you start laughing at a good one the others can be taken in your stride. Pulverized by the pithiness of "Can you tell a wicked woman when you see one?" to which the answer is, "Yes, but I can't tell her much," the fount of merriment declines (with luck), to run too dry at "I've never broken into anything—except a perspiration," or, "Take a chair, take two chairs, take the sofa," or "She was whinneying slightly—like a little ho(a)rse," or "Once a girl guide always a girl guide."

The quality of Mercy and the limitations of Memory wilt in unison before the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. There is a quip about a race-horse called Chaos and pronounced

ably tougher customer. Bould) carries a gun and might be anything from a private detective to a retired butler. "Number Seven" (Mr. Dino Galvani) sticka da knife, cutta da throat, and also, which is important, pincha da pearls.

"Number Thirteen" (Mr. Beckett



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AND MR. AMBROSE MANNING

An exchange of confidences between master and man. Mr. Huntley Wright fools energetically as a hen-pecked husband whose sterner half could hardly be mistaken for a Ziegfeld Folly; and Mr. Ambrose Manning is sepulchraly amusing as the butler with a brother in the police



The question is—who is “Number One”? Or rather, that seemed to be the question when a bookcase swung open in Scene I and permitted us a shadowy glimpse of the chief making his get-away from the flat of one Richard Maitland (Mr. Ballard Berkeley), his second in command. From hints thrown out by this young gentleman before he retired under arrest, one gathered that “Number One,” whose identity his fellow odd numerals were consumed by curiosity to discover, owed his success to mingling in social circles under a cleverly assumed air of congenital idiocy. Mr. Henry Kendall, now apparently doomed by the inexorable laws of type-casting to play the disarming silly ass who isn’t always such a fool as he looks, was obviously our man. And if the authors had elected to turn the next two acts into Crookery Nook or, in other words, had written the piece as a crook comedy, he would have been.

As it was, serious crime took a back seat—two back seats, even the sofa—and domestic farce, with occasional interruptions from the underworld, came into its own in the shape of a small henpecked husband (Mr. Huntley Wright), large declamatory wife (Miss Viola Compton); comic butler (Mr. Ambrose Manning), and butler’s policeman brother (Mr. Jack Martin).

Truth having no place in farce, our potential “Number One,” in face of the pearl robbery and his return home at 3 a.m. on

MISS VIOLA COMPTON
As Mrs. Welford, the kind of woman who ought to be a professional poulterer, for she would peck feathers off most things. At the moment of being sketched she has just returned from a visit to the police court, where her impertinent son-in-law has been charged with being the Ace of Crooks

the night of the crime, began with one accord to make excuses. He had dined on business with an important buyer from the North; taken him to “the Poisoned Rat” to see night-life, lost him there, escaped hurriedly disguised as a saxophonist when the place was raided by the police, and repaired to the flat of his old friend Richard Maitland. When the papers announced the arrest of Mr. Maitland, mama-in-law believed the worst and said so, loudly and often; whereas young wife (Miss April Harmon) loyally testified her faith with tears; and papa-in-law, as befitted a sportsman whose day was not yet done, swallowed any gay-dog excuse with a wink, and even put up a thousand pounds by way of bail.

The truth emerged slowly, as it always does. “Number One”—or Number Nothing, one couldn’t be quite sure yet—had certainly dined with a buyer, but one of the feminine gender, Miss Maggie Maclean from Aberdeen (a pure-as-the-lily-in-the-dell lassie, if ever there was one), och aye. He had with equal truth mislaid her at the Poisoned Rat, but only to fall into the clutches of Lola (Miss Jeanne Planas) and escape from a vamping minus his pocket-book, but plus Maggie’s tam-o’-shanter.

Well (I must go on, having got so far) Lola, that boldest of bad brunettes, was one of the gang (number engaged or rather not stated), and thinking the identity of her chief was at last revealed, she turned up, and so did Numbers Five, Three, Seven, and Thirteen, Number Seven complete with stiletto and Princess Somebody-or-other’s stolen pearls. Maggie looked in too, and at one moment squatted in concealment behind the sofa while Lola hid in the grandfather clock. Maggie called Lola “a brazen woman,” and Lola called Maggie “a walking Haggis.”

All this time Number Nothing, in a bowler hat and red silk pyjamas, was watching the hands of the clock revolving at speed, camouflaging Maggie with a cushion, and talking fifty to the dozen. All this time the gang were lying in wait in the garden outside, armed to the teeth, and determined to get back the pearls. Then, after further alarms, Mama-in-law made a bolt for the window in a pink dressing-gown, and Number Thirteen most ungallantly fired a revolver at her hind-quarters from a distance of ten yards.

Whereupon Mr. Huntley Wright, who had been hopping about with enormous gusto as if he were longing to break into a song and dance, rushed up to the assailant, clutched him by the arm, and exclaimed “You fool, can’t you see what you’ve done, you’ve missed her.”

Whereupon . . . but that ought to do. If you are in the mood postulated by the preface this well-shaken mixture can be prescribed and taken with a like degree of avidity displayed by Mr. Kendall and his companions in folly. The speed and subtlety of the business on hand produced but one chance for any acting outside the rough and tumble of farce. Miss Margaret Baird’s intrusion into the mêlée was a gift from the gods and Scotland which wafted a genuine whiff of comedy into the last act. Miss Baird’s homespun pawky slyness and shiny tip-tilted nose were infinitely funnier than all the stories about Aberdeen ever invented.



MISS APRIL HARMON
As the constant wife of the young man who took a bra lass from Aberdeen to a night club on business, and was then hailed as their anonymous leader by a gang of crooks who worked by the oddest of odd numbers



MR. CHARLES FARRELL, MR. DINO GALVANI, AND MR. JACK McNAUGHTON

Number Five, Number Seven, and Number Three, a trio of very bad Odd Numbers, international crooks who do not know who their mysterious leader, Number One, is, and of course suspect the perfectly innocent hero

“TRINCULO.”

GOOD GOING AT THE FERNIE POINT-TO-POINT



LORD CALEDON AND MRS. PELLY



AN EARLY OBSTACLE IN THE LADIES' RACE



THE HUNT CUP: PLAYING SNAP

Mr. Stokes' Phil Grey (Mr. Watt up) going well

Lord Ebury and the Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor



THE HON. F. AND MRS. CRIPPS AND MISS STOKES

The Fernie Hunt races were held at Foxton, near Market Harborough, over a new course which included even stiffer country than usual. But with the going in good form there were few falls. The Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race, a first-class contest, was won by the Hon. Mrs. Cripps on her own Horse, Binsey, with Miss Joan Balding on Mr. Ivor Balding's Torchlight Tattoo second, and Mr. Marshall Field's Ladybird, ridden by Mrs. Dudley Coats, third. Mr. W. E. Stokes annexed the Fernie Hunt Cup with Phil Grey, ridden by Mr. Watt, and the Nomination Open Race went to Mr. Richard Warden's Middle Ages (owner). Captain de Pret of Gaddesby had a ride, and Lord Ebury, now almost recovered from his hunting accident, was taking good pictures in all directions. Lord Caledon used to be in the Life Guards, and owns many thousand acres in County Tyrone



MRS. DUDLEY COATS WITH MISS NEWWARD AND CAPTAIN DE PRET

"SEE 'OW THEY TOP THE 'EDGE!"



MAJOR J. MISA. CAPT. J. DE WEND FENTON, CAPT. A. F. W. GOSSAGE (ON DRIN) AND LORD FINGALL.

All of them well known Corinthians, and Captain Gossage, 17/21 Lancers, the hero of two Grand Military Gold Cups, and if this picture could only be held up long enough, which it cannot, it might be three, for Drin looks as if he would take a lot of beating. Lord Fingall rode the winner of the National Hunt at Cheltenham, Sir Lindsay, Easter Hero's understudy in the Grand National

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KITTENS

By Hilda Coashun.



NEMESIS

Charlie Sly was a fox who was fond of his dinner.
He frequently stole it the ruddy old sinner.
When raiding a roost he'd leave nothing alive,
If his menu was pheasant, he killed four or five.

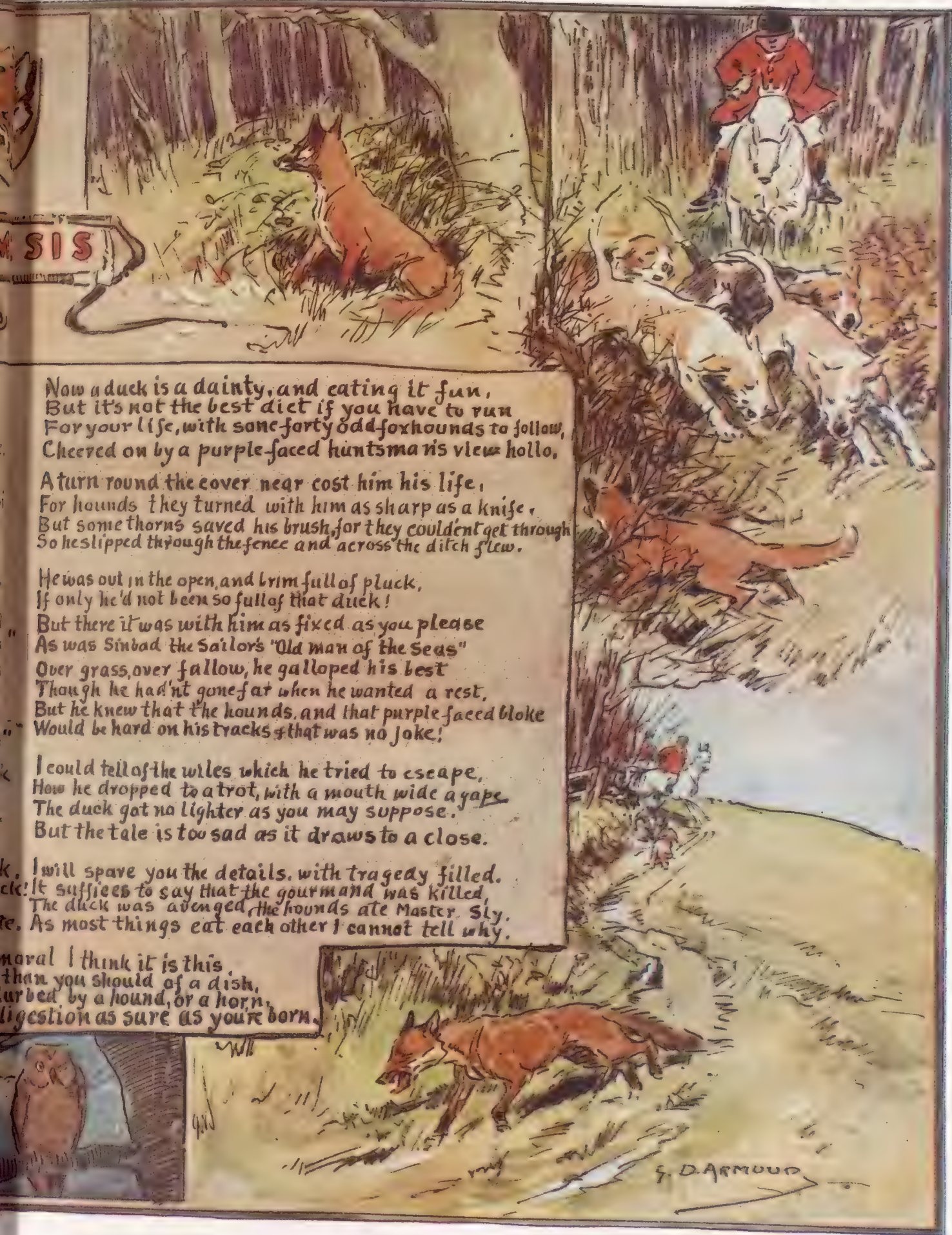
But fate overtook him as fate often will,
For you can't have your fun without paying the bill.
And the man who collected the bill in this case,
Was a funny old chap with a dark purple face.

His coat it was scarlet four days of the week
And his fancy, for foxes, and such like to seek,
To chevy and chase them up hill and down dale,
For said he "it's fine exercise, keeps a man hale."
He would issue each morn with his blood thirsty pack
And he wasn't contented unless he took back
The mask of a fox, or a badger may be.

"Bad luck to the hen stealing varmint" said he.
Now it chanced on a night that our Charles had thee
For to catch, and to dine off a very fat duck,
That the duck wasn't his didn't matter a rap.
Then he curled himself comfy up for a nap.

There he slept like the just until twelve o' the clock, I will
And was dreaming of ducks, till awaked with a rattle.
T'was the horn of old purple-face sounding a note.
And he knew he must hie to some place more remote.

If this tale has moral I
Do not ever eat than you
You may not be disturbed
But you'll have digestion



Now a duck is a dainty, and eating it fun,
But it's not the best diet if you have to run
For your life, with some forty odd foxhounds to follow,
Cheered on by a purple-faced huntsman's view hollo.

A turn round the cover near cost him his life,
For hounds they turned with him as sharp as a knife,
But some thorns saved his brush, for they couldn't get through
So he slipped through the fence and across the ditch flew.

He was out in the open, and brim full of pluck,
If only he'd not been so full of that duck!
But there it was with him as fixed as you please
As was Sinbad the Sailor's "Old man of the Seas"
Over grass, over fallow, he galloped his best
Though he hadn't gone far when he wanted a rest,
But he knew that the hounds, and that purple-faced bloke
Would be hard on his tracks & that was no joke!

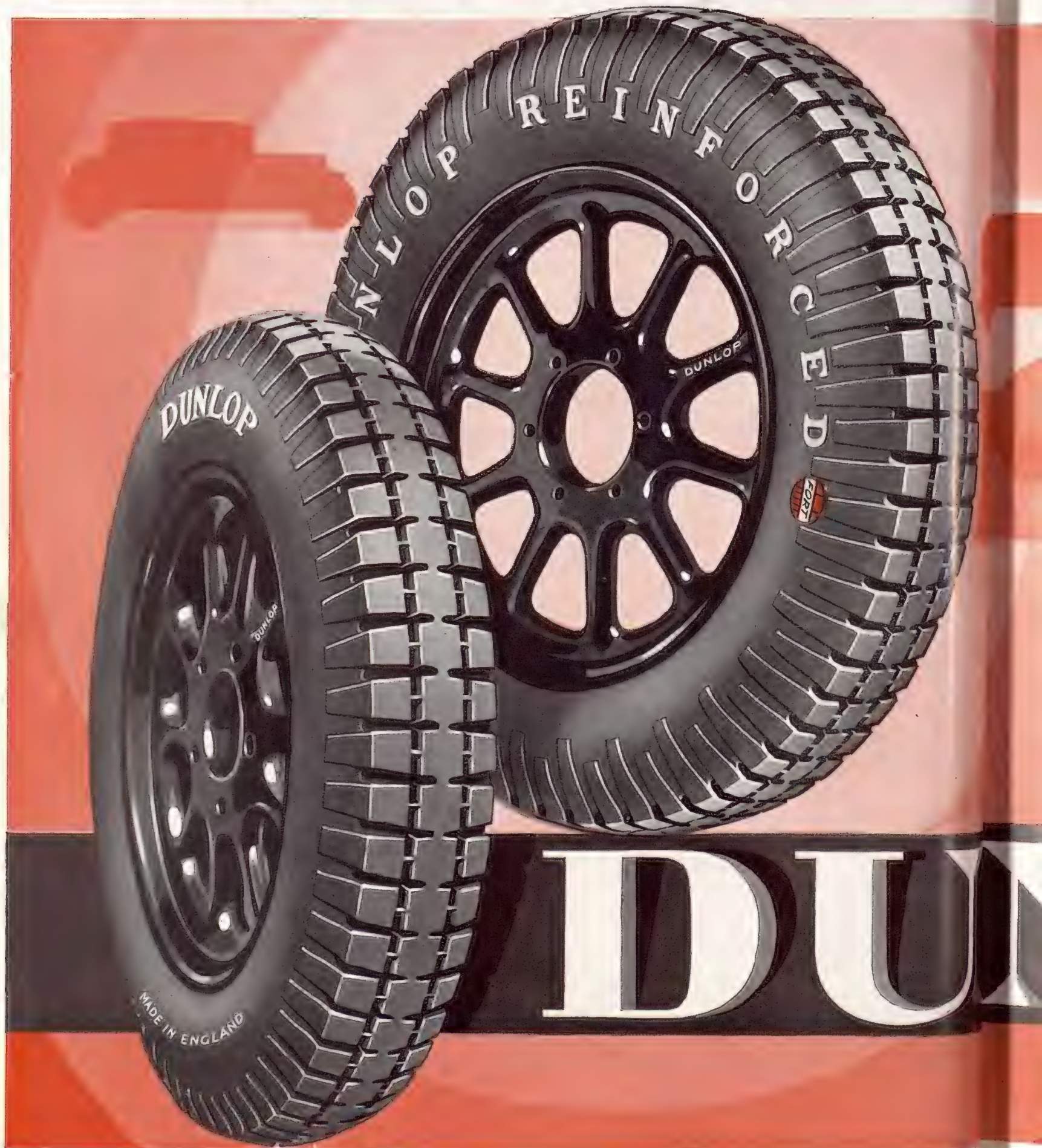
I could tell of the wiles which he tried to escape,
How he dropped to a trot, with a mouth wide a gape,
The duck got no lighter as you may suppose,
But the tale is too sad as it draws to a close.

I will spare you the details, with tragedy filled,
It suffices to say that the gourmand was killed,
The duck was avenged, the hounds ate Master Sly,
As most things eat each other I cannot tell why.

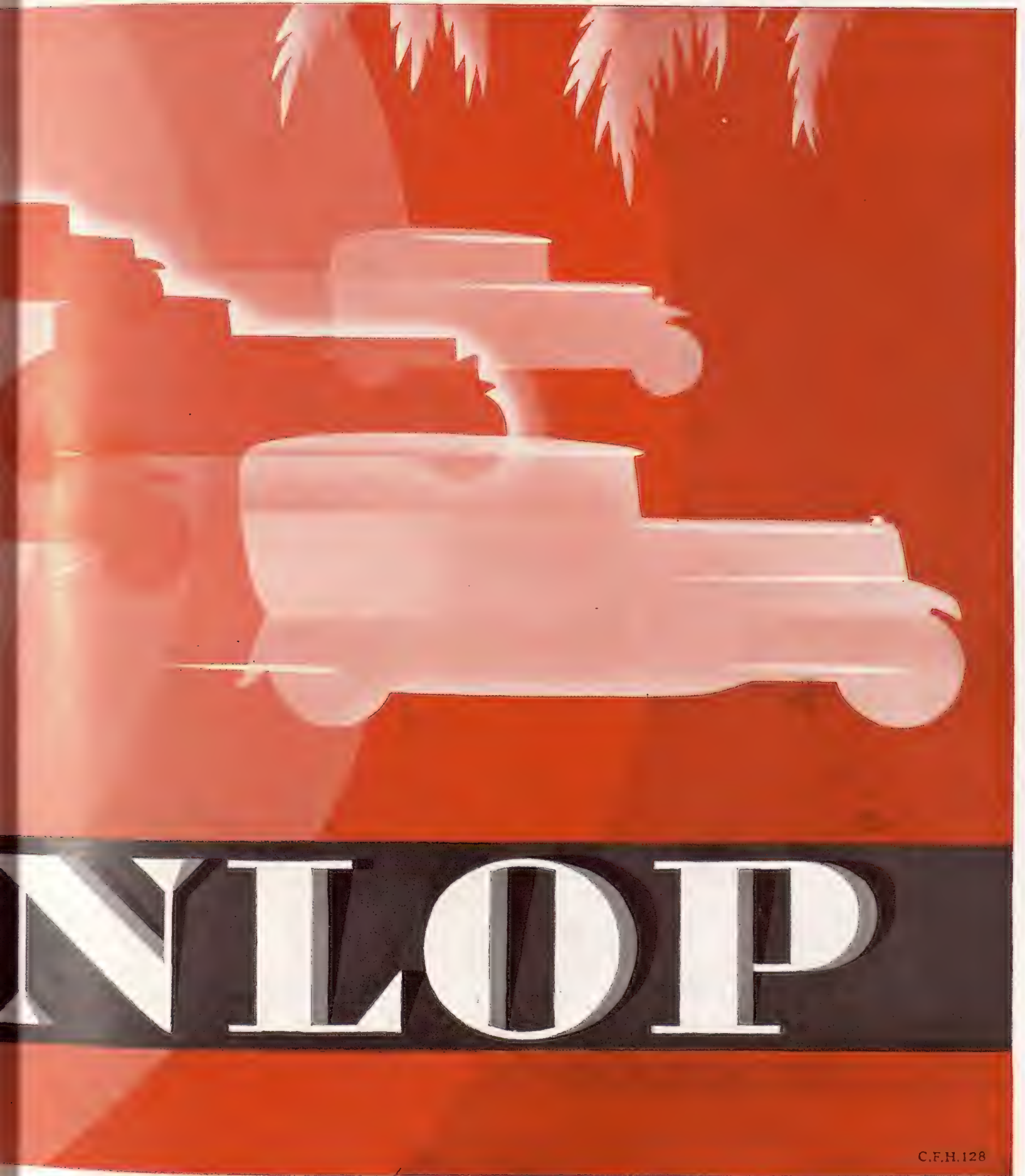
Moral I think it is this,
That you should of a dish,
Not disturbed by a hound, or a horn,
Digestion as sure as your born.

S. DARMOND

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Fort DUNLOP—the tyre for



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which there is no comparison



C.F.H.128

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SUCH CARS AS EVEN HUMBER NEVER BUILT BEFORE

A FEW BROOKLANDS CELEBRITIES



LORD HOWE AND HIS WIND-SCREEN
"HAT" AT BROOKLANDS



(Right) LADY ASHLEY AND MR.
STANLEY BIRKIN AT SANDOWN

The Brooklands "Lincoln," or opening of the spring racing season, as usual attracted a good muster of the cracks, and some of them are seen in this page, though Mr. Stanley Birkin, the famous racing motorist, and Lady Ashley were actually snapshotted at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown. Lady Ashley married the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir. Lord Howe's new wind-screen helmet was much admired, and was said to be his own invention. Whether this is so or not it is a most handy contrivance. Miss Carstairs, who is seen in the car with that great celebrity, Captain Campbell, just before one of the races, is also well known in the out-board motor-boat racing world



CAPTAIN CAMPBELL AND MISS CARSTAIRS



"One by one the ladies
walked over my back"

Secret Service in Red Russia

By SIR PAUL DUKES

CHAPTER I.

IN no country of the world are the conditions under which Secret Intelligence Service must be carried on so difficult as in Russia. Under the Tsarist regime the organization known as the Okhrana became notorious the world over, with its secret agents, its spies, its elaborate and diabolical system of "provocation" of revolutionary agitation with a view to betrayal of revolutionary leaders. The people who performed the latter work were known as *agents provocateurs*.

In this school, the objects of this persecution, the Bolsheviks received their training. What more natural, when they seized power, than that they should not only imitate the Tsarist system but, profiting by their experience in evading it, elaborate and intensify it?

To this supreme efficiency in merciless espionage they added the avowed principle of government by terrorist and bloodthirsty methods. This is why the Tcheka—the Bolshevik secret police organization succeeding the Okhrana—is the most terrible instrument of persecution the world has ever yet seen.

On the night the Revolution broke out I hurried to the Duma, which was the revolutionary headquarters. The gates were closely guarded, but I was determined at all costs to get inside.

Climbing the high railings surrounding the building I dropped into the garden, and making my way through the bushes secured an entrance. The whole building was being transformed into an arsenal. In one of the inner rooms the first Provisional Government was being constituted.

I was able to supply the Embassy with a lot of useful information on the events that were transpiring, and was shortly afterwards called to London as an expert on Russian affairs at the Foreign Office. I learned that in Paris there was a pile of intercepted correspondence written by Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, and other Bolshevik leaders who wished to force Russia into a separate peace with Germany.

Apparently there was no one who could decipher these letters. I was sent to Paris to do so, and also to interview a number of suspected people who were known to have been connected with these leaders.

I lived in Paris under the name of "Charles Robinson" and found out a good deal about their doings. But Lenin, sent back to Russia in a sealed train by the Germans, had meanwhile effected the *coup d'état* that put the Bolsheviks in power.

From this moment I insistently asked to be allowed to return to Russia, and for several months travelled about that vast country, sending reports on

In this number is commenced a thrilling series of experiences in Soviet Russia by one who is better qualified than anyone else to write them, Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E., who was Chief of the British Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia, 1918-19, and before that was a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission, 1915-18, and represented it at the Foreign Office in 1917. Sir Paul Dukes is also a famous lecturer on European Affairs and the author of two most interesting books, both of which deal with Red Russia, "Red Dusk and The Morrow" and "Adventures and Investigations in Soviet Russia." The present series of articles will be found not to lack a grim fascination all their own, and as they deal with facts as their author saw and faced them their value is considerably augmented

the extraordinary conditions that prevailed in the early revolutionary days.

I was in Moscow when the sensational and horrifying news arrived that His Imperial Majesty the Tsar and the entire Imperial family had been foully murdered in a town on the borders of Siberia and their bodies burnt.

The Soviet Government suppressed the publication of this for several days, obviously fearing public opinion. I made up my mind to travel hastily to Ekaterinburg to investigate the facts. But I was not destined to make this journey. On the eve of departure the British Consul-General sent me an urgent message. He had received a telegram from London about me, a telegram to which a great deal of mystery attached. The Consul-General seemed half afraid to handle it, refused absolutely to state its source, and merely informed me that I was ordered back to London immediately on very important business.

In those days it took over three weeks to get from Moscow to London by way of Archangel, Murmansk, Petchenga, round the North Cape and the coast of Norway to Bergen, thence to the Shetlands and finally to Aberdeen.

At King's Cross a motor-car with an impressive chauffeur awaited me. Without a word he drove me to a high building near Trafalgar Square, where I was whisked up in a lift to a pile of offices built on top of the roof. It was a most bewildering place, utterly impossible to find your way about in. An air of very disconcerting mystery pervaded it.

In a dark office with a low ceiling, the light behind him, sat an officer in admiral's uniform. A row of extending telephones at his side, walls covered with peculiar charts, tables and shelves with mechanical and chemical apparatus, and the general strangeness of the place overawed me. The finishing touch was put by the abrupt and dictatorial tone of the Admiral.

"So you want to go back to Soviet Russia," he said, as if I had made this suggestion. "Hitherto you have been attached to the Foreign Office. I am to tell you that it is we who now want your services."

Who "we" were I hadn't the foggiest notion. But I was soon told. It was usually spoken of as "S.S." and the Chief was known to those who knew him by the cryptic sign of a single letter of the alphabet.

"Your Foreign Office reports have proved very useful," proceeded the Admiral. "We now have reason to believe that official missions, embassies, consulates, and so forth, will shortly be expelled from Russia by the Reds. We want you to return there, and continue your communications through this department. You will travel any way you think best and assume any disguise you choose. You will be given codes, shown secret inks, and be provided with money. You will then be left to your own devices—and God help you."

With a passport in the name of "Captain Philip McNeill," I travelled back to Archangel, the same devious route by way of the Arctic Ocean. My first design was to penetrate the interior

of Russia by traversing the great plains of the north partly on foot and partly by peasant cart. But exceptionally bad weather set in, heavy autumnal rains and early snow made the country impassable. I spent the waiting weeks growing a full beard, letting my hair grow long and shaggy, and destroying every trace of my former identity.

Failing to get in by Archangel,



THE AUTHOR (SIR PAUL DUKAS)

Above as he is in real life and alongside as he appeared in one of his many disguises during his hair-raising adventures in Soviet Russia



"Captain Philip McNeill," with a Norwegian name and Norwegian passport travelled to Stockholm where he transformed himself into a Serb, with a passport in the name of "Joseph Ilitch."

Here I was made the offer of being sent to Moscow openly

under the protective patronage of Litvinoff, now Bolshevik Commissar of Foreign Affairs, who was to be told that I was a journalist who wished to interview Lenin, Trotsky, and other important leaders. But a "Cook's tour" escorted by Tcheka agents who would take jolly good care I saw only what I was supposed to see, and that I asked no questions had no attraction for me whatever. I was going to Russia to investigate, not to be politely fooled. I resolved to rely upon my own devices—more difficult, more dangerous, but infinitely more interesting.

"Joseph Ilitch" proceeded to Finland and eventually arrived at the Finnish-Russian frontier, where he threw all non-Russian names and connections aside.

There was still a state of war between Finland and Soviet Russia, but the fighting was confined to frontier skirmishes and diplomatic mud-slinging. The opposing sides viewed each other with angry hostility across the little River Sestro which separated "Sovieria" from civilization.

But this little river was crossed clandestinely by intrepid smugglers who carried food into famine-stricken Petrograd and brought jewellery and other treasures out. I resolved to enlist the aid of the smugglers to put me across the river unobserved. These men kept themselves very up-to-date as regards passport requirements under the revolutionary régime, and they furnished me with the forged pass of an agent of the Tcheka, in the name of "Joseph Afrenko."

It was a pitch-black night when they led me out, and we crept stealthily along the Finnish bank to a tumble-down villa surrounded by thickets. On the Russian side at this point was a broad meadow, the least patrolled because the most exposed. Beyond and away to the sides were woods. Out of the thickets the smugglers cautiously drew a boat with a rope tied to one end. A long punting pole lay in the boat. After a hasty farewell I climbed into this little craft, and with the aid of the pole punted my way across the stream. The boat was hastily pulled back to Finland behind me. Too hastily, alas! for I slipped in

(Continued on p. xvi)



STARVING PEOPLE FROM THE RUSSIAN TOWNS

A typical scene of some of Russia's starving population under Soviet rule foraging for provisions. The freight-car mentioned in this article was in the background

AROUND AND ABOUT THE WORLD



AT CANNES LAST WEEK—THE COUNTESS VOSS
AND R. NAJUCH



AT THE ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW HELD AT ROSEBANK, CAPETOWN: H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, VICE-ADMIRAL, AND MRS. BURMESTER, LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE, CAPTAIN AND MRS. NAPER, MISS V. SEYMOUR, AND THE AIDES DE CAMP TO HIS EXCELLENCY

The net is very widely cast in the case of the pictures in this page. The Countess Voss, who was formerly Countess Schulenberg and an ex-tennis champion of Germany, was at Cannes. Najuch is the well-known "pro." The Fastes Belges took place at the Opera House in Brussels and half the Belgian nobility assisted. The scheme was to represent different periods of Belgian history. H.E. the Earl of Athlone and the Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, as well as their guests and staff, are said to have been "enjoying" a ride in that mule wagon at the Capetown Agricultural Show. This is quite possibly a misdescription. The ex-King and Queen of Portugal were at the Duchess de Vendôme's garden party at her Villa Saint Michel, where Royalty sold cups of tea at £8 a time in aid of the French flood fund

Robert de Smet
LES FASTES BELGES IN BRUSSELS: THE VICOMTESSE M. COLETTE FAVIGNON, THE COMTESSE D'OULTREMONT, Mlle. DE WOUTERS D'OPLINTER, THE COMTESSE D'OULTREMONT, THE COMTESSE DE LIEDEKERKE, THE COMTESSE D'ASPREMONT LYNDEN, AND THE COMTESSE D'OULTREMONT



THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL
AND THE DUCHESSE DE VENDOME

FRIENDSHIP

Underneath every love that endures, there lies friendship

Marriage, without friendship, is wrecked by time

If love is a religion, then friendship is the philosophy one can live by

When Charles Kingsley was asked how he had succeeded so greatly he answered, "I had a friend"

One climbs out of the dark valleys to the mountain-top because at the darkest and weariest moments a friend has reached out and touched you healingly; a friend, with his priceless gift of seeing with the heart rather than with the eyes, has looked into your eyes and saluted the strength in you

Love demands, but friendship is no more concerned that it gets back in some measure that which it gives than is the sun concerned that a sky be provided for it to ride across

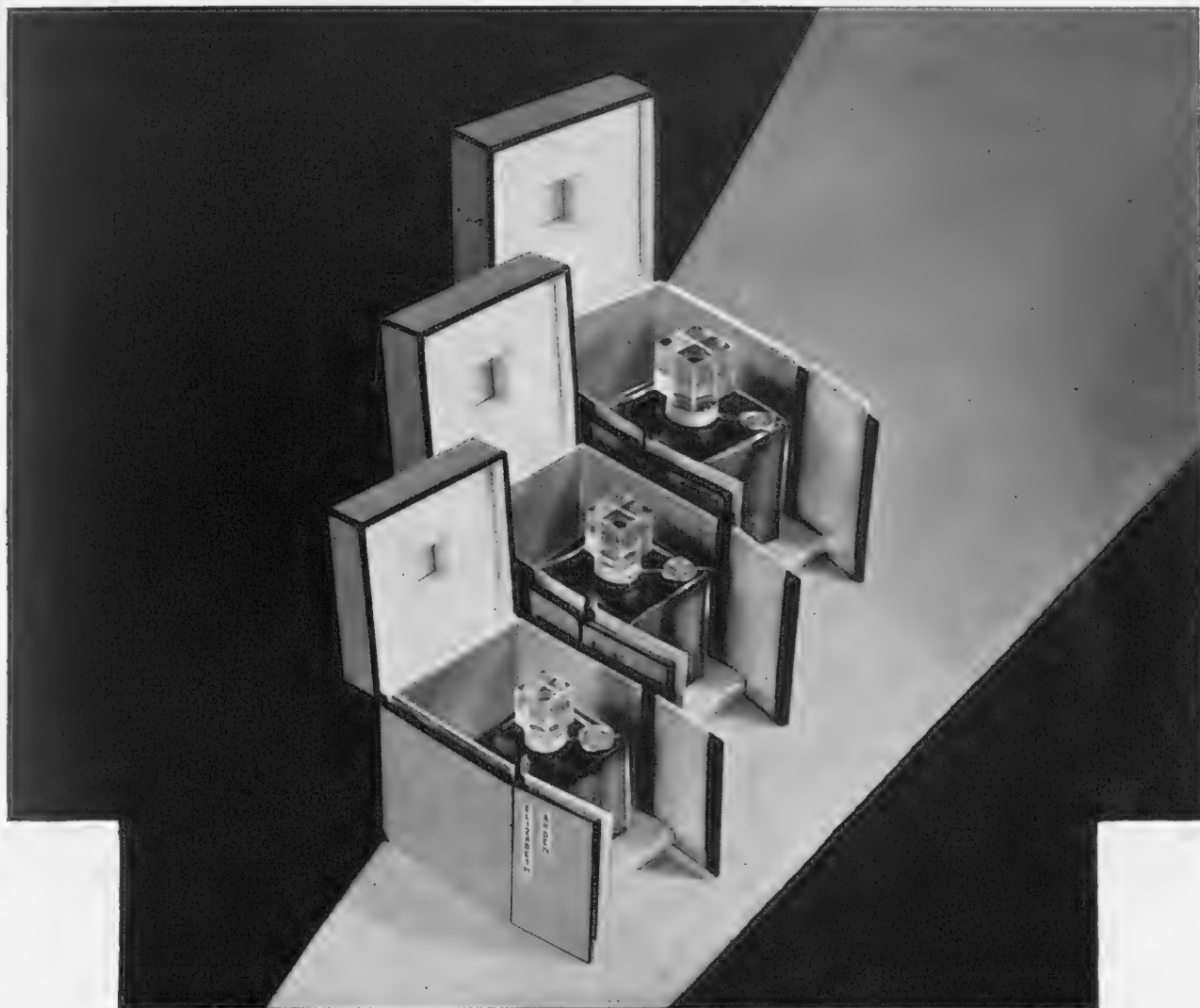
Poets have immortalized friendship in verse. Philosophers have meditated on it in painting. Composers have made it the theme of deathless music

But it has remained for Elizabeth Arden to symbolize the unutterable beauty of friendship in fragrance

In her exquisite perfume "Mon Amie Elizabeth," Miss Arden has immortalized all the true and tender feeling of this glorious human emotion. There is a depth, subtlety, a rich warmth in this precious odour that has never before been duplicated

The perfect gift of a friend to a friend

As friendship is the natural forerunner of joy—of dreams—so Miss Arden's perfume "Mon Amie Elizabeth" leads the way for two perfect odours "La Joie d'Elizabeth" and "Le Rêve d'Elizabeth"



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BRIG.-GENERAL AND MRS. J. T. WIGAN AND
COMMANDER PHIL DE CRESPIGNY

At the recent Chelmsford Steeplechases. Brigadier-General Wigan's original regiment was the 13th Hussars. His seat is Danbury Park, near Chelmsford. Commander Phil de Crespigny is Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny's youngest son, and served throughout the Great War

DEATH has robbed the hunting world of two very distinguished personalities during the last fortnight in the Earl of Coventry, who founded the Croome hunt in 1867, and Sir Frank Villiers Forster, who had been Master of the South Staffordshire since 1885, and was thus the fourth on the active list of Masters of Hounds. Mr. Jacob Robson, the Border, 1879, is the senior; the present Earl of Yarborough stands second with a fifty-years' Mastership of the Brocklesby, and his jubilee is to be fittingly celebrated this year. Next to Lord Yarborough comes Mr. John Straker, who has been Master of the Tynedale since 1883; then came Sir Villiers Forster; and Mr. George Wentworth Fitzwilliam has been Master of the Fitzwilliam since 1887. All these famous Masters have literally grown up with the hounds of which they are so fond, and in each and every case we see the tremendous advantage which continuity of idea in the breeding of hounds bestows. Sir Villiers Forster's death is deeply mourned by everyone who knew him, and by none more so than the members of his own hunt. He was an enthusiast where hound breeding is concerned, and his efforts wore a fitting crown at Peterboro in 1924 when the South Stafford Denmark bore away the championship and the prize for the best stallion hound of that year. Sir Villiers Forster was a kinsman of that Thackeray of the hunting-field, Surtees, for his great-grandfather on the maternal side was Surtees' father. Lady Coventry's death within three days of her

Pictures in the Fire

[By "SABRETACHE"]

universally beloved husband was the last bar of a very beautiful melody which ended on a soft and perfect note.

I am much interested in the following announcement in an evening paper about some persons who spend part of their time at a place called (by some) "Oxford College":

The Oxford undergraduate is seldom permitted to forget that though he has left school he is still *in statu populari*.

To me it does not appear to be quite an aquedate description of an egregious situation.

Now that the London Season is just about to start, it is really satisfactory to find a kind Samaritan woman in one of the numerous chatty journals of the female gender coming to the rescue of the neophyte, climber, or tuft-hunter in the always difficult matter of the correct method of transferring strange and unaccustomed foods from the plate to the palate. This kind lady says that there are such a lot of awkward problems in "eating etiquette." There are indeed. How many people do we not see getting wet up to the ears when wolfing porridge or soup, and oft-times splashing anyone who is so silly as to get within range? How



MR. CHARLES FARQUHAR AND LADY ERNEST
ST. MAUR

At the recent Tedworth Hunt Point-to-Point, which was run at Penton, near Andover. Lady Ernest St. Maur is the widow of the late Lord Ernest St. Maur, a son of the 14th Duke of Somerset. Mr. Charles Farquhar is a brother of Sir Peter Farquhar, Joint-Master of the Tedworth



SIR FREDERICK CARNE RASCH, MR. R. W.
BRUCE, AND MRS. MACNEECE FOSTER

Also at the Chelmsford 'Chases, which, like all other things which happened at that time, were run in the cold. Sir Frederick Carne Rasch is Lieut.-Colonel Commanding the 5th Battalion Essex Regiment, but will be better remembered by some as an ex-Carabineer

many people do we not hear eating even ices, which do not require mastication. I purloin a bit of the lady's preamble:—

But in everyone's life comes an occasional invitation to a very special party; and sure enough a dish appears that presents a problem. How should it be tackled? In spite of your curiosity about the strange dish you find yourself refusing it for fear of committing some grievous social error. Let us take some typical problems.

Then we get a few concrete facts. Asparagus should only be eaten a stick at a time, grasped firmly between the finger or fingers and thumb, dipped in whatever sauce is served and then eaten *at the soft end*.

Asparagus (the lady writes) is very tender when cooked, and you can easily pull off the head daintily with lips and teeth.

I think this is a most useful instruction. Fancy if instead of taking one asparagus at a time some nasty, rough person grabbed the whole bunch and then started chewing at the wrong end! Also putting your foot on it and tearing at it with the teeth is not usually done. Then caviare: I see the way to do it is to "hold a piece of toast *with the fingers*" (not in the teeth you must be careful to observe), and having placed "a little of the caviare on the end of the toast, bite off just as much toast as you have covered." Daintily as before, I suppose, and I expect you had better do the exercise by numbers, and not in drill time just at first till you get the hang of it. "Cuttin' the 'and away smartly on the word 'Tow'" is a thing which can only be acquired by practice.

(Continued on p. xiii)

SHOOT MAN SHOOT



Tense with excitement thrilled. Almost seeing the game, so clearly does he hear it. Can you wonder that he shouts? Such radio is new to him. It comes as a revelation that broadcasting can be so vividly alive. It is his new Pye Portable—the portable supreme. Entirely self-contained—ready always for immediate use, anywhere. Glorious in tone, generous in volume, comprehensive in range of reception.

The Pye Portable is so well worth hearing that you owe it to yourself to go to your radio dealer at once for a demonstration. He will tell you of the magnificent reputation of the Pye Portable and of the lasting satisfaction it brings to its users.

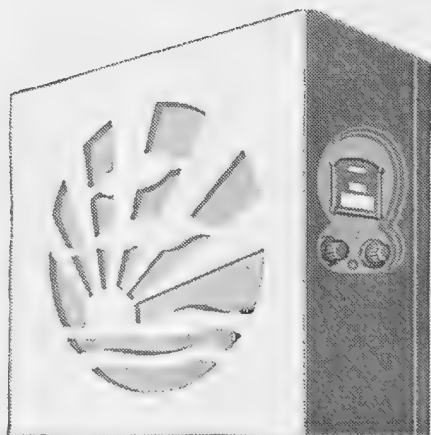
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253

PYE PORTABLE RADIO

—MADE IN CAMBRIDGE—

Pye Radio Ltd., Sales Organisation, Paris House, Oxford Circus, London, W.1

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

HERE are a couple of stories told by the great comedian, Sir Harry Lauder:—

"The visiting elder had found it incumbent upon him to talk seriously with Tammas about his over-indulgence in strong drink. Tammas admitted his failing with a solemn shake of the head.

"Do you know what you should do, my man?" said the elder. "Every time you feel inclined to go into a public-house you should just say to yourself firmly, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'" Will you try that plan for a week or two?"

"Tammas agreed, but the very next week the elder met him coming out of Poosy Nancy's bar. Without waiting for the elder to say anything, Tammas reeled up to him and remarked:

"Yer plan didna work, elder, for whenever I said the speil Satan got behind me and pushed me in."

"An Edinburgh Lothario was boasting to a neighbour who lived in the same large tenement-house that he had kissed every woman in the building except one. The neighbour, boiling with jealousy, went straight home and reported the story to his wife, saying, with a suspiciously inquiring glance at his spouse:

"I wonder, Maggie, wha the woman is that the rascal hasna' kissed?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I suppose it will be that stuck-up Mistress MacIntosh on the third floor."

"You have only called one constable," said the ex-reveller; "I want to hear the second constable's evidence."

"There wasn't a second constable present," said the policeman.

"You'll excuse me, but I distinctly saw him," persisted the prisoner.

"Yes, that's why you're here," was the reply.

The tramp had knocked at the door. An angry woman appeared. "No, I'm not going to give you anything," she said, "besides you've been drinking. How dare you come



LILLIAN ROTH

One of the most promising movies in the young brigade, who has been in many Paramount pictures, two of the most recent being the talking and singing version of "The Vagabond King" and "The Love Parade"

here in that condition? I can smell the vile stuff in your breath."

"Oh, no, mum, you're mistaken," protested the tramp, "I ain't touched a drop. I was brought up by French folks, miss, and I got French 'abits. I've been eating frogs' legs. What you can smell is the 'ops, miss."

A pedestrian had suffered serious damage in a motor accident, and he had brought a claim against the motorist to the court.

"How much are you claiming," asked the judge.

After consultation with his legal adviser, the pedestrian said "One thousand pounds." The motorist sprang up and protested at once. "One thousand pounds," he said angrily, "but I'm no millionaire."

"And I'm no centipede," retorted the claimant.

He was playing on a south coast course. On green after green he took four or more putts, and he grumbled more and more because the caddies, or his opponent, or someone on a distant part of the course, was moving as he played his shot.

Finally, on the eighteenth green, he was left with a 9-in. putt. Everybody in the vicinity of the green stood like statues as he made the putt—and missed.

"Hang it!" he stormed, "bow the deuce can anyone putt with all these confounded ships moving up and down the Channel?"

"Well," said the master of the house, impatiently, "did you tell cook that I wanted my breakfast immediately?"

"I did," replied his wife.

"And what did she say?"

"She said that we all have our disappointments."

A negro bishop was introducing an English Churchman of high rank.


"Brudders," he said, "it is not often I arise to present a white speaker in this church, but you can be sure he has a powerful message for you. An' while his skin may be white his heart is as black as any of us!"



EVE GRAY

The well-known young film and stage actress, who got most of her earlier stage experience in Australia, though she was born in Birmingham. Sir Alfred Butt selected her for the principal girl in "The Sleeping Beauty" pantomime at Drury Lane. Some of her principal films have been "Silver Lining," "Poppies in Flanders," "One of the Best," "Moulin Rouge," and the German version of "Sweet Pepper"

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"Among the cushions a woman was lying looking at me"

IN A RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT

An Anglicised Version of "Un Soir, rue Bassano," a short story by Maurice Dekobra, France's Famous Best-Seller, author of "Madonne au Sleeping," etc., etc.

Made by SYDNEY TREMAYNE

A GIRL without a hat almost ran into me as I turned the corner of Belgrave Square. The incident did not end there.

"Do you want an adventure?" she said, "there is one literally waiting for you. Follow me and you will see."

I took a good look at her. She had not strayed down here from Piccadilly; she was simply and respectably dressed. I thought it possible that she might be a lady's maid.

"Do you represent the adventure?" I asked smiling.

"No, not me; my lady."

"Her name?"

"I can't tell you that, sir. She is bored this evening, and she has given me the job of finding a gentleman with time at his disposal to amuse her."

"Seriously?"

"Yes, really. You won't be the first I've taken to the house. She has these moods from time to time when things get on her nerves. Well, are you going to take advantage of the opportunity?"

"Why not?"

The maid's mocking expression was provocative, and the unexpectedness of the adventure was piquant. I followed her.

A house in one of the discreet streets of that "eminently desirable residential neighbourhood. . . ." A low door which opened into a hall bathed in opalescent light and saturated with the scent of burnt sandalwood . . .

"D'you mind waiting a minute, sir? Just while I let madam know that I have not come back empty-handed."

The emissary disappeared. Where was I? Whose house was this? What had I let myself in for? I was intrigued by the mysterious situation.

My guide reappeared, wearing a little black taffeta apron, and signed to me to follow her. We passed through a large reception room, a dimly lit gallery, a library. Then I found

myself in a boudoir, blue and gold, where the smoke from braziers of smouldering myrrh trailed in the air. Near a divan a mushroom-shaped lamp of mauve glass shed a diffused light. Among the cushions a woman was lying looking at me.

"Leave us Julia," she said in a low voice.

We were alone. The woman scrutinized me. She appeared to be satisfied with her maid's choice. While she was examining me so frankly I was taking stock of her. She was evidently a neurasthenic. The deep shadows round her great eyes betrayed the feverishness of many sleepless nights. The restlessness of her movements among the blue-velvet cushions hinted at exasperations and fantastic imaginings.

"I suppose you are surprised to be here," she began in her enervated voice. "If a man is bored he can go out and find a woman to amuse him. There are plenty of people whose business it is to supply him with whatever form of entertainment he expresses a desire for. Then why shouldn't I have the right to buy relief from my tedium?"

The rather intense manner of this undoubtedly beautiful and desirable woman made me smile. I answered:

"Why not? You have only to throw down the gauntlet, or whatever modern woman does throw down. You can rely on me to pick it up with dispatch and energy!"

I had moved nearer to her and was looking down at the satin-like flesh of her neck and shoulders, framed by the revealing lines of a jade-green tea-gown. She was gazing at me, unsmiling, and went on:

"I want you thoroughly to understand me. To-night you are here not for your amusement but for mine. And I am prepared to pay for any entertainment you afford me as you, no doubt, have often paid for your pleasure in other circumstances."

I could not help being amused at the unusual form which her obsession took. I evidently had to deal with an Amazon of love

(Continued on p. 46)

"You can't fool me...
I judge whisky by its *flavour*...
not by the label"



This one is

Dunville's
IRISH WHISKY



"I recognise that
true whisky flavour"

In a Residential District

—continued.

who took a secret pleasure in humiliating men and putting them in the hateful position of having to accept money in exchange for their kisses, or whatever it was she wanted from them. It might have been comprehensible in an old woman, troubled by a belated infatuation, or in a plain woman who had never been loved, but this creature was neither old nor ugly. The charm of her smile, the lily-white pallor of her skin and her supple body tempted me terribly.

"After all," I thought, "if it gives her pleasure to pay my fare for an excursion into the realm of her emotions why should I thwart her?"

My eccentric lady got up and put her hand on my arm; her voice took on the slightly contemptuous tone of a man when he speaks to an obedient woman whom he regards as his plaything.

"Come, my dear," she said, "we will go to the dining-room and have supper together, and if I find you charming and amusing I will give you five pounds."

I wanted to roar with laughter, but I kissed the hand covered with pearls and diamonds, which she had placed on my sleeve and answered chaffingly—

"Ah, if you play on my feelings like that I am sure you will make me adore you!"

Several hours later, when I prepared to break up the strange and unexpected "party" into which I had tumbled, my original hostess, whose name was Lucienne, opened a drawer in a little writing-table. I was wondering what she was doing when, to my astonishment, I saw her take a five-pound note from a case and try to slip it into my pocket.

"Oh, no!" I cried, "Brevity is the soul of wit and the sparkle went out of that bright joke a long time ago. I shall always remember our meeting as a charming adventure, my dear Lucienne, but please don't spoil its conclusion like this . . ."

She protested. I argued: "No, but seriously, it's ridiculous, that's all there is to it!"

She insisted. I got angry. She became furious. In the end, for the sake of peace and to calm her excitement, I consented to pocket the note and said good-bye to her, quite determined that she should not have the last word.

Next afternoon I walked up Bond Street and bought from one of the well-known jewellers a little gilt cup, deliciously engraved and enamelled. This trinket was worth four times the price she had set on my companionship. I meant to take it to Lucienne's house and give it to her myself in order to appease my conscience and have my revenge for the humiliation of the night before.

It was about half-past five when I rang the bell of the house which had so curiously found a place on my map of London. The maid answered the door and assured me that her mistress was not at home. Rather disappointed, I handed her the little sealed packet.

"A small souvenir for Madam," I told her.

Then she looked at me with an enigmatic smile and, tossing her head, said, "So you were caught, too!"

"Caught? What do you mean?"

"Just that—that you fell for her little game, like the others."

"I—I don't understand."

"Well, if you would care to come inside, sir, I might be able to explain."

Needless to say I was thoroughly intrigued by now, and I followed Julia into the drawing-room. This is what she told me:

"Madam has hit on a rather neat version of the confidence trick. She gets me, now and then, to find someone who is obviously a gentleman and looks as if he has money. Then, instead of taking any present which he might (or might not!)



"Don't spoil its conclusion like this"

be disposed to offer a lady met in such unconventional circumstances, she insists on *paying him* for the favour of his company. Nine times out of ten (since I am rather a good judge of men!) the speculation is a good one . . . and the five pounds which she thinks an appropriate price to put on a man's beauty sleep proves a remunerative investment. The proof is that for that sum Madam has acquired this Japanese cloisonné vase, this eighteenth-century fan, this Empire clock, and this Chinese screen, to say nothing of several valuable pieces of jewellery, and even a very lovely and perfect oriental pearl. I felt I must tell you because I . . . like you . . . and I could not bear the thought of your being made a fool of like the rest."

I was stupefied. I felt a perfect idiot, standing there with my parcel in my hand.

"Well, anyway, take that away," suggested Julia, still smiling. "Madam has plenty of those treasures."

"Your mistress will certainly have to manage without my present," I said, "because I am going to give it to you, Julia."

I did not have to press her to take the packet, and she murmured, as she led me back to the hall:

"It's awfully kind of you, sir, and if you should think of any way in which I could show my gratitude to you at any time you have only to give two little rings at the bell after ten o'clock in the evening . . ."

DREAMS, BY WORTHINGTON

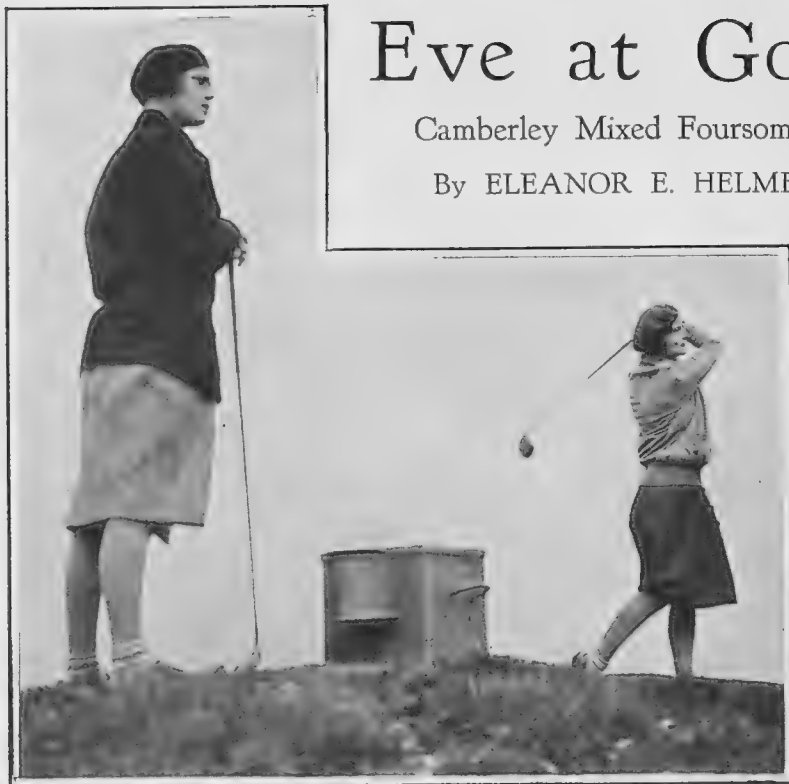


THE STEEPLEJACK'S DREAM

Eve at Golf

Camberley Mixed Foursomes

By ELEANOR E. HELME



To have the honour: Miss J. Hamilton watching Miss Sylvia Bailey driving from the 9th tee at Moor Park. Miss Bailey was runner-up in last year's Girls' Championship

COUNTY matches, many and thrilling, are filling the bill now, such of them as have not been postponed by snow or a threat of it. But somehow they pale before the interest of the proceedings at Camberley Heath. The only pity is that press day comes with only the first two rounds decided. Therefore it is necessary to be stern with any inclination to rash prophecy, more especially as the opening stages just seemed to show that if a couple were fancied, then as likely as not they would be beaten. All of which adds, maybe, to the gaiety of nations if not of prophets.

Let us begin at the beginning of the story by telling those unlucky mortals who were not at Camberley that this was the first edition of the Camberley Heath Inter-club Scratch Mixed Foursomes. Inter-club is the crux of the matter. Here is no picking and choosing for yourself; the committee of the club (or clubs if the men and ladies have separate organizations) nominate their players, and there, for better, for worse, they take the tee together. It was told over the tea-cups, as an excellent joke, that one very famous and dignified men's club wrote to their ladies' branch saying that So-and-So and So-and-So had been nominated and were willing to play, subject to their approval of the ladies nominated. The ladies' branch, not to be outdone in condescension, replied that So-and-So and So-and-So were willing to play subject to their approval of the men nominated. Whereat the men's committee laughed heartily, and an excellent pair (who at the time of writing are still going extremely strong)



Miss Vera Riley, who had the satisfaction of returning a 63 net on the Worsley course, thereby beating bogey by eleven strokes

were sent forth together for battle. Camberley is always a pleasant, friendly sort of club, just the sort to give the right atmosphere for this kind of competition. The Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes will remain the Mixed Championship, but the Camberley Heath ones are sufficiently different to be really welcome, and sufficiently humble about their sudden leap into the limelight to take it as a supreme compliment when somebody says of a match, "the golf was good enough to have won at Worplesdon." Thirty-one clubs is an excellent start, and General Sir Francis Mercer and Major Tate, the arch-conspirators, may well feel proud of their efforts. So they may of their course, in excellent condition in spite of the lack of spring rain and grass, and inordinately proud of their perfect greens. Perhaps that first afternoon they could even have found it in their hearts to wish them a little less perfect, then the Island Malahide might not have rolled in the long putts from all over the place to the discomfiture and final defeat of Camberley's own good pair, Miss Gourlay and Captain Geoffrey Hawkins. These had done brilliant things in the morning, the need being pretty pressing if they were to defeat North Hants (Miss D. R. Fowler and Captain Torrie), but in the afternoon the brilliance belonged very largely to the most inspired putting of Mrs. King and Commander Jackson, who is assistant secretary now at the Berkshire club, but hails from Dublin. His sister, Miss Janet Jackson, and Mrs. King never holed more amazing putts than he did that afternoon, the crowning blow being Mrs. King's right across the 17th for the half, after missing her tee shot, and Commander Jackson's for a three at the 18th.



Abe Mitchell in play during "The Bystander" Trophy Competition. On the left is his partner, Miss Horsfield, and in the centre are Miss P. Walker and L. Holland. Miss Horsfield and Mitchell, the Verulam holders, retained the trophy with nine strokes to spare and registered their third win

Good putting certainly was usual; Major and Mrs. Kennedy steadily broke Moor Park's heart in the morning that way, though in the afternoon St. George's Hill were too strong for them. Then Major Hezlet was good as gold all day on the green on behalf of Royal Mid-Surrey, a fact which must be writ large, remembering hard things said about him in the past in that respect.

Colonel Hannay had some fine putting to his credit, too; in fact he and Mrs. Walter Payne were distinctly fancied to bring fame to the Berkshire club. For the greater part of the match against Aldeburgh, too, they seemed like doing it, though Aldeburgh had not Miss Joy Winn and Mr. Longstaffe to depend on. But Miss Faraday and Mr. H. A. Reynolds need not look on themselves as second string. When you consider that Colonel Hannay and Mrs. Payne were only allowed to win four holes of the round, although they had no less than five threes, two of them at holes where four is rated at par, then you realize what very fine golf all four played. Aldeburgh won at the 19th, but in the afternoon Aldeburgh themselves went out to Burhill, ably represented by Mrs. Potter and Mr. Rutherford.



Phyllis Monkman



Evelyn Laye



Gladys Cruickshank



Phyllis Dare



Rosalinde Fuller



Helena Pickard



- perfect!



Elsie Randolph



Valerie Taylor

8 stage stars who entrust their complexions to Pond's

In no calling is the beauty of a woman's complexion of greater importance than in the theatre. This gives significance to the fact that over a hundred leading English actresses entrust the care of their complexions to Pond's two famous creams.

Pond's Cold Cream is a cleansing cream composed of emollient oils which sink into the pores of the skin and soften and ease to the surface the minute accumulations of impurity which gather there beyond the reach of soap and water, and spoil the clear freshness of the complexion. Upon the removal of the soiled cream, with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*, the skin is left delightfully soft and smooth.

After cleansing, just a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* is sufficient to protect the skin from the weather, to give it an attractive bloom, and to make the powder go on evenly and stay on longer.

We are confident that you will experience the same pleasure in the use of these two creams as do the many thousands of beautiful and talented women for whom *Pond's Cold* and *Vanishing Creams* are an indispensable part of the toilet.

Pond's Cold Cream, Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3. Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.
Pond's Cleansing Tissues - - - - - per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.
Pond's Skin Freshener - - - - - per Bottle 5/6, 3/- and 1/-
Pond's Vanishing Cream - Opal Jars 2/6 and 1/3, Tubes 1/- and 6d.



POND'S Two Creams

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



This perfect summer frock comes from Huntley's, 205, Regent Street, W., and is carried out in thoroughly reliable Macclesfield washing silk. (See p. ii)

The "Yea-Girl" Revue.

THE "Yea-Girl" (Jaeger) is a most amusing revue; it was recently staged at Jaeger House, Oxford Street, W., and was written for the occasion by Mr. Carroll Gibbons and Mr. James Dyrenforth, who wrote and directed the film-music for "Rookery Nook" and "Splinters." Mr. Morris Harvey, in his usual inimitable manner, was the M.C. of the revue, and declared that he was suffering from a cold because he had omitted to wear Jaeger garments during the cold weather. Mr. Nelson Keys was there as the London Guide, then Gwen Farrar and Billy Mayerl contributed an amusing skit, and Johnne Clare sang several times—it may be recalled that she made a great hit in the Ziegfeld Follies and is now in England for a brief visit. The *raison d'être* of this revue was to celebrate Jaeger's entrance into the Fashion world, and so there was a dress parade.

For In and Out of Town.

Many of the models came by aeroplane from Paris to the Jaeger Salons, the work of Chanel, Patou, Mary Nowitsky, Lanvin, and Maggy Rouff being represented, as well as original Jaeger models. The

fashions for out-of-town wear were particularly interesting, as they demonstrated that there is nothing more attractive than pure wool when it has been dyed and converted into frocks, wraps, and accessories in which are reflected the latest commands of Fashion. There were many variations on the ensemble theme, some consisting of dresses and coats and others of jumper-suits and coats. They were without exception all endowed with individual touches that directly appeal to the woman who understands the art of dressing well. Oliver Messel had designed an amusing bathing-suit for Johnne Clare, and then there were more practical affairs that made the audience in

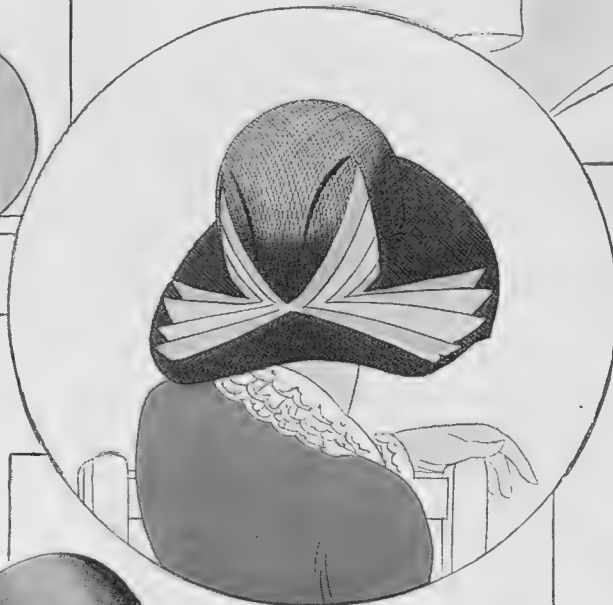
floances, edged with black lace, being arranged on pagoda lines. Subsequently she donned a blue marocain dress. This was relieved with a serpentine flounce which began at the hem of the skirt and terminated in the collar; it was lined with white piqué; a single flower of the same fabric appeared just below the collar.

A Transformation.

And then a transformation took place; with a single movement of her hand this dress fell away and a printed blue and white crêpe de chine frock was revealed with a quaint little bolero. She explained that the aspects of these affairs might be completely varied by the accessories; they might be

(Continued on p. ii)

Two views are given of this ensemble from the Ninette salons, 79, Shaftesbury Avenue. The dress is of crêpe de chine and the coat of wool romaine. (See p. ii)



Jay is the name and Victor Jay the maker of these fashionable hats. They are as simple as they are smart. (See p. ii)



general decide that they would at the very earliest opportunity acquire one. The in-town frocks were perfectly delightful, but as they must be seen to be appreciated Jaeger's have arranged for them to be shown to any readers of this paper that are interested in the subject.

The Mode and the Hour.

Again this season Harrods, Knightsbridge, presented Mlle. D'Alroy in the "Mode and the Hour." Every day for a fortnight the auditorium was crowded, many of the guests arriving an hour and more before the scheduled hour for the parade to begin. Mlle. D'Alroy first appeared in a black taffeta dress. It represented the acme of smartness, the



To get teeth clean Remove the FILM



*The
Film*

that is found by dental research to discolour teeth and invite serious tooth and gum disorders.



TEETH are not naturally dull and lustreless. If your teeth lack brilliance and sparkling whiteness — look for film, a dingy viscous coating that covers them.

Look for film this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating — that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and grey. Film hardens into tartar. It must be constantly combated.

How the new way removes film

How to remove film is the most important dental problem of the day. To do it scientifically the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent is urged. First it acts to curdle film so that light

brushing easily removes it. When film is gone teeth begin to whiten.

Pepsodent also acts to make tender gums firm. It utilizes the mouth's saliva to combat the acids which may cause decay.

Try Pepsodent for 10 days

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Try Pepsodent. Cut out the coupon NOW.

Pepsodent TRADE MARK
The Film-Removing Tooth Paste

FREE — 10-DAY TUBE ⁴⁰¹¹

The Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 129)
India House, 8, India Street, London, E.C.3
Please send me free 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Name.....

Address.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

T. 2/4/30

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

red, dark blue, or white. Lovely indeed were the negligees she assumed; standing out with prominence was one of snow-white georgette gauzings arranged to suggest a foundation garment silhouetting the figure; the deep shoulder cape was edged with fur while the rounded train was treated in the same way. It seems almost unnecessary to add that there was a bevy of beautiful mannequins whose frocks, wraps, and furbelows may be seen in the Harrod salons.

The Serious Side of Fashion.

There was no doubt about it that all present at Robert Heath's (Knightsbridge, S.W.) March of the Mannequins regarded Fashion as a very serious matter, and evidently they had one and all come with the object of replenishing their wardrobes. It was the first parade that had ever been staged by this firm. Prior to a few weeks ago their salons had been devoted to hats. Among the many interesting creations in the parade was a Chanel evening frock for a debutante. It was a long princess affair of white net, the slightly bouffant skirt being decorated with bands composed of row upon row of narrow lace. A lovely Lelong dress in blue satin was perfectly plain in front and elaborately quilted at the back, with long draperies falling from the hips. There were several smart tweed ensembles from Jane Regny and O'Rossen, followed by a beautiful bride dressed by Patou.

Something for Every Woman.

The world of hats is always brightened by the Jay models for which Victor Jay is responsible. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to the makers, Southwark Bridge Road, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. A witness to the fact that there is no monotony about the Jay hats is the trio that finds pictorial expression on page 50. The one at the top, with its elongated back, is of black Panlac; it is a fascinating straw whose weight is insignificant. The large hat in the centre is of Sisol, red and grey being present in the trimming. An important feature of the last but by no means the least attractive of the trio is the arrangement of the brim not only in front but at the sides.

Macclesfield Washing Silk Frocks.

Most assuredly no one will cavil at the statement that the name of Huntley, 205, Regent Street, W., is synonymous with all that is best in the domain of Macclesfield washing silk frocks. To them must be given the credit of the one illustrated on p. 50, and of it one may become the possessor for 3½ guineas. Note the clever alliance of the simulated oblong vest with the "V" opening; there are four pleats on either side of the skirt, while stitching is becomingly used for decorative purposes. Hats of the same material are 32s. 6d. It seems almost unnecessary to add that this firm really do excel in washing dresses for tropical wear. Neither

must it be overlooked that they make a feature of dresses made to measure; they will be pleased to send patterns and sketches.

A Pleasant Rendezvous.

There is no pleasanter rendezvous in the whole of London than Ninette's, Shaftesbury Avenue. There are to be seen the modes that one yearns to possess, and the prices—they are just right; as a matter of fact everything acquired in this establishment is in the nature of a gilt-edge

investment. Just think the number of different occasions that the *ensemble* pictured on p. 50 might be worn. The black crêpe de chine dress with white collar and cuffs relieved with touches of embroidery is 5½ guineas, while the black wool romaine coat is 7½ guineas; the ensemble is 13½ guineas, which signifies a saving of half a guinea. There are ever so many variations on this theme. 4½ guineas is the cost of suits of a new rayon silk; the cardigans and skirts are one colour and the jumper portion another. A very happy alliance is geranium-red and beige. This is likewise the cost of evening dresses; they are innocent of coatees, those with these accessories being a guinea more.

The Country Suit Arrives.

The success that has attended the Countyx coats is responsible for the creator's introducing the Countyx Country suits which are as appropriate for in as for out of town wear; they consist of a dress either with or without sleeves and a long coat; naturally there are many versions of these; they are from 4½ guineas. They are made of feather-weight and medium tweeds. It seems almost unnecessary to add that the high waist-line is emphasized, and that not only are they smart but perfectly practical. They are sold nearly everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Countyx, 3, Vere Street, W.

Foundation Garments.

The Gossard foundation corsets always give the line of beauty to the figure, and to-day they have another mission to perform and that is to show women that it is the simplest thing in the world to possess the fashionable silhouette with the raised waist-line. These ideal garments (they are never called corsets nowadays) are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to the British H. W. Gossard Company, 168, Regent Street, W., who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. To put the matter in a nut-shell, there is a suggestion of both Grecian and Empire periods in the new formal silhouettes necessitating a graceful sculptured figure. Gossard foundations give naturally beautiful and graceful lines to the figure.

Well-built Tailored Suits.

Tailored suits always enjoy prosperity when dresses of a decidedly feminine character are modish; it is really an expression of women's desire for change. Among the past masters in the art of tailoring must be placed Studd and Millington of Chancery Lane; not only are their suits well cut but they are admirably tailored. Another point on which emphasis must be laid is that they excel in making from measurement forms. Illustrated on this page is a coat and skirt in very fine light-weight spring suiting with a contrasting over-check. The coat has inserted panels to stress the line, and the skirt is pleated on one side. It could of course be carried out in other materials, patterns of which together with self-measurement forms and illustrations of other designs will be sent gratis and post free. This firm makes suits to measure from 7 guineas.



A SPRING TAILORED SUIT

Designed and carried out by Studd and Millington in light-weight suiting with a contrasting over-check in all the fashionable colours

EXCLUSIVE EVENING GOWNS

Made to Order

WE specialise in Gowns to order, and we have one of the largest collections of ORIGINAL PARIS MODEL GOWNS in London, which can be copied by our staff of highly skilled fitters and workers at considerably lower prices than those usually charged in Paris; and in view of the quality of the materials used, and the workmanship, our prices will be found extremely moderate.

TROUSSEAUX. We are famous for the exclusivity and originality of our Wedding Gowns, Bridesmaids' Frocks, and Trousseaux.

ONE.—HANDSOME EVENING GOWN with coat in romaine, cleverly cut skirt, and belt at natural waist line; the delightful coat attractively embroidered with beads. Made to order.

TWO.—Delightful EVENING GOWN of original cut, made in chene taffeta, with shaped hip yoke; the bodice cut on entirely new lines with bows. Made to order.

Estimates and Sketches, post free.

ONE

Catalogue post free.

TWO

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street London W.1.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

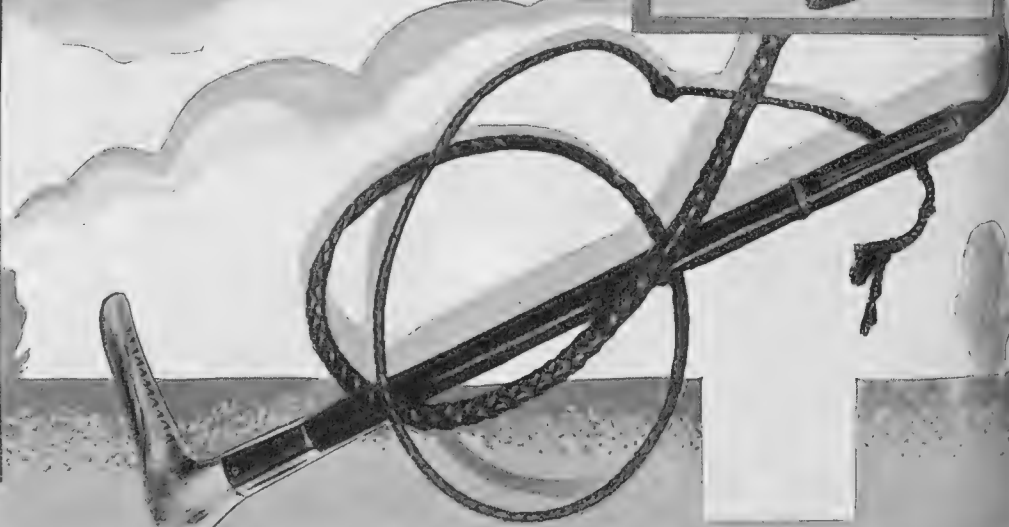
THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

There is a constant coming and going in the tailor-made department at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., as M. Habetin, a past-master in the art of the tailor, has gone into residence there. The astride habit pictured on the right was built by him, and is carried out in covert-coating

TAILOR-MADE
(MARTNE)

The suit on the left is carried out in striped Cumberland homespun. The shirt is made of crêpe de chine and the coat is lined with it

The suit on the right is of speckled West of England suiting, and in it the latest commands of Fashion are reflected



ermeto

MOVADO

THE MODERN WATCH

BUILT FOR EFFICIENCY

The chief purpose of a watch is to give the time—accurately and reliably in all climates and under all conditions.

The important advances made in science have revolutionised our mode of life.

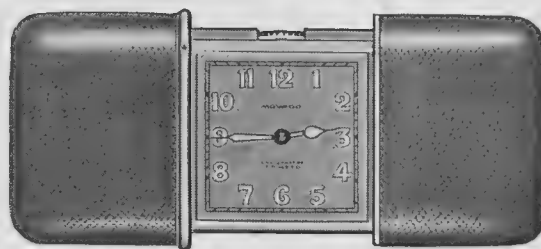
Mechanism designed 20 or 30 years ago is proving useless for the needs of to-day. The average pocket or wristlet watch has not changed in its principles of construction.

The Ermeto is the first watch which represents any definite step forward in the march of progress.

In it, efficiency is the basic consideration, and this can only be secured by adequate protection to the movement.

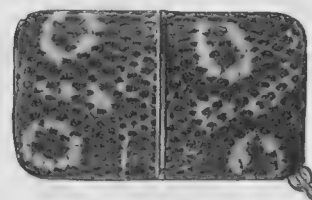


Can be carried safely in any pocket.



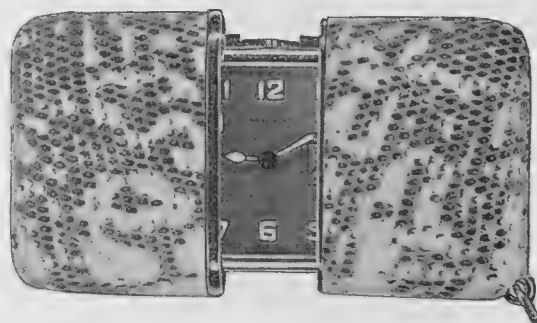
"NORMAL" ERMETO

Silver—self-winding. From £12:5:0



"BABY" ERMETO

In Automatic winding only.
From £16:16:0 (Silver)



"MASTER" ERMETO

Standard Winding. In Grisette—an untarnishable metal. From £5:12:6

The ideal watch for the sportsman—the business man in industry—the public school boy or the planter in the East.



Watch as worn on lanyard.

The fine "Movado" movement is **completely enclosed** in the strong Ermeto shell, **doubly** protected from severe shocks, dust, damp, and variations of temperature. The Baby and Normal models are made with Automatic winding. With normal use they wind themselves, and they cannot be overwound. This mechanism embodies no delicate parts and gives not the slightest trouble.

Obtainable from all the leading Watchmakers and Jewellers.

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Sole Wholesale Agents,
197a, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

Owing to the necessity of requiring larger and more suitable premises, we will shortly be occupying Offices and Showrooms at 106 Regent Street, W.1.

they must
have the
nutty
flavour



What would Water biscuits be without that delicate crispness; the clean flavour that brings out the personality of cheese as nothing else can. Cheese is only really at home with *Jacob's Water Biscuits*. Golden crisp or baked a rich dark brown, they have the real nutty flavour that makes all the difference. Buy them at your Grocers loose; in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets; or in 2/- tins.

JACOB'S
Water biscuits

W. & R. JACOB & CO. LTD., Biscuit Manufacturers.

Service Advertising

Racing Ragout—continued

much more than useful and should be followed until beaten, as both the second and third had been very highly tried and were heavily betted on.

Victor Tabor, as usual, opened an early winning account, and Walter Griggs, as usual, won the first maiden plate with Aureate Bay, who has no doubt been entered for several of these and will win them.



H.M. QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA IN CAIRO

Her Majesty and the Princess Ileana coming out of the royal gate of the railway station in Cairo on their arrival back from their up-Nile trip to Assuan and the tombs and temples

After an endless series of races, carrying just too much weight, the handicapper made a mistake of half a lb. too little with Highbury, and allowed Lord Allendale to win a race with him by a short head. With Fireball a winner over hurdles within a week his lordship is getting a lift of the sunshine, and not out of his turn.

The totalisator appeared to the lay mind to be facing the wrong way, though I suppose one can make one's bet as easily facing one way as another, but it is a bore betting with no £1 windows should anyone



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ALGERIRAS

At the Heliopolis Races during their recent tour in Egypt. The Heliopolis Oasis is a pleasant little spot in the desert just outside Cairo

wish to wager more than a couple of sovereigns with the machine. However, if it can add some amenities to racing at Lincoln in the way of a better paddock, central heating, or winning favourites, it will not have been erected in vain.

The Italian Travel Bureau in London has published a handsome illustrated booklet on the Italian Art Exhibition in London. It has available also the handbook of the holiday institute and lists of hotels in parts of Italy with details of their terms. A post-card to Italian Travel Bureau, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W.1, will bring you a copy.

Wash your face

with LUXURIA

every morning

and evening.

It cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Ltd 150 Regent Street, London W1 for our attractive free Booklet called "All for Beauty" which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

HARRIET

NEW YORK

HUBBARD
INCORPORATED

LONDON

AYER

PARIS

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

In Holland.

An interesting marriage which is to take place soon is that between Captain David Logan Gray, M.C., late the Cameronians, and now of the Sudan

Political Service, and Miss Elske Storm de Grave, the only daughter of Major A. P. M. A. Storm de Grave and Jonkvrouw S. E. C. Sandberg tot Essenburg of Bannink, Colmschate, Holland. The wedding will take place at The Hague.

* * Summer Weddings.

June is the month chosen for the wedding between Mr. George Vivian Cole of Vancouver, Canada, and Miss Judith Granville of 78, Buckingham Gate, S.W., the daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Dennis Granville, which will take place quietly; in the same month Mr. John Preston Hippi-
 R. J. B. Hip-

pisley, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Hippi-
 pisley of Ston Easton Park, near Bath, is marrying Miss Sybil Barbara Gorham Gee, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gorham Gee of Granville House, Leicester.

* * Recent Engagements.

Lieutenant Henry Austin Traill, R.N., youngest son of Lieut. - Colonel W. S. Traill, D.S.O., D.L., and Mrs. Traill of Ballylough, Co. Antrim, and grandson of the late Mr. Anthony Traill, LL.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Miss Bronwyn David, daughter of Mrs. David and the late Archdeacon David; Captain Edmund Denys Elliott, only son of the late Mr. E. W. Elliott and of Mrs. Elliott of Roundabout, Pulborough, and Miss Winifred Marjorie Gross, youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Gross and Mrs. Gross of Abbotsmead, G. ford; Mr. George Brooks of Malpas, Cheshire, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. S. Brooks of Brooklands, Cheshire, and Miss Marjorie Bentley, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Bentley of Ashley, Cheshire; Mr. William Connel Auld, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Auld of Grange, Bridge of Weir, and Miss Barbara Josephine Keelan, elder daughter of Mr. D. H. Keelan, V.D., Indian State Railways (East Indian Railway), and Miss Keelan of 10, Riverside, Barrackpore, Bengal; Mr. Richard Francis O'Donnell, M.C., Royal Engineers, younger son of the late Captain R. S. Gage, Mrs. Gage, The Manor House, Rathlin Island, and Miss Marjorie Alexander, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cown Alexander of Dagworth, Peabmarsh.



LADY MURRAY

Whose marriage took place in February to Sir Hubert Murray, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Papua. Before her marriage Lady Murray was Mrs. Arthur P. Vernon, the widow of Mr. Arthur P. Vernon.



MR. AND MRS. E. R. ORME

A photograph taken after their wedding last month. Mr. Edward Orme is the son of Mr. E. B. Orme, a former president of the Cotton Association, and his bride was formerly Mrs. Hope Lee, the widow of Mr. Gerald D. Lee.



Sterling Silver Milk Cup, in case, £4 10 0
 Sterling Silver Porringer, with Spoon, in case, £6 15 0

Hand-pierced Sterling Silver Egg Cup, with Spoon and Serviette Ring, in case, £2 17 6

Sterling Silver Plate, hand engraved with Nursery subjects, complete with Spoon, in case, £5 15 0

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd

158-162, OXFORD ST. W.I.
 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4.

172, REGENT ST. W.I.
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A CATALOGUE OF CHRISTENING GIFTS WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST.

619.1.

A magnet to draw admiration . . . Kayser stockings ●
 Tailored beauty . . . ingenious slimming elegance of
 the pointed *"Slipper Heel" ● Delicate strength . . .
 natural silken loveliness that is lasting ● The flawless
 best . . . the only real economy ● Newest colours
 . . . subtle and flattering ● At all good shops from as
 little as 7/11 a pair ●

*Registered Trade Mark

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS
 C. J. DAVIS, 3 PRINCE'S STREET
 CAVENDISH SQ., LONDON, W.1

622.1.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ARE SPLENDID AND GLORIOUS

The Beauty that Attracts.

It is the completed picture of women's beauty that attracts, not merely one feature, such as a Grecian nose, a rose-bud mouth, or deep, lustrous eyes. It is the general impression that is responsible for the second glance; then only is it forcibly brought home that there is one or it may be two features of outstanding loveliness. No matter how plain a woman may be, she can improve her personal appearance in a wonderful degree. She must, above everything, cultivate a cheerful disposition. There is one hardship in the attainment of beauty, and many women find it an exceptionally difficult one, and that is, everything must be done regularly. It is worse than useless to devote several hours for two or three days to the care of the skin and then to neglect it for many weeks. Naturally, women are lazy, and this they must combat, and no matter how tired and disgruntled with life they may be, they must never omit the rites of beauty. They must see to it that all their internal organs function correctly. Mrs. Adair of 33, Old Bond Street, W., declares with justice that true beauty is impossible to attain unless the body be healthy. Camouflage has no place in her vocabulary.

The Eastern Muscle Oil.

Turning from generalities to details, reference must be made to the good work that the Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil (5s. 6d.) performs; it conquers the

blemishes that the spring sunshine delights in discovering. It strengthens the exhausted tissues, rounds the furrowed cheeks, and invigorates sagging muscles of the face and neck. It seems almost unnecessary to add that its trusted assistant is the Ganesh Eastern Skin Food (2s. 6d.). Now a fact that is not generally realized is, that directly the warm weather arrives the pores show a tendency to become enlarged; this must be overcome, and it can be with the aid of the Diable Skin Tonic (5s. 6d.). Furthermore it greatly improves the texture of the skin. It should be used freely whenever opportunity occurs, indeed a small bottle of it should ever find a place in every vanity bag.

ever find a place in every vanity bag.

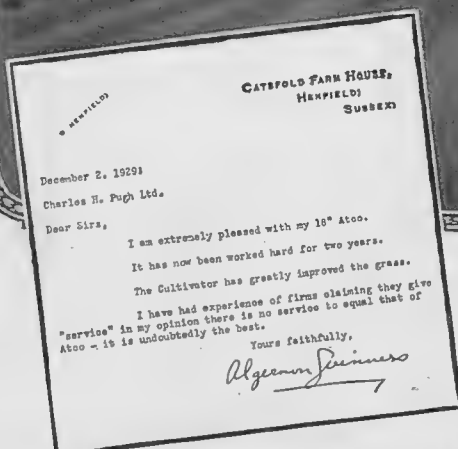
Treatment for Tired and Weary Eyes.

Mrs. Adair's treatment for tired and weary eyes should most assuredly be heralded with a fanfare of trumpets as their many advantages cannot be over-estimated. In the first instance the muscles of the eyes are toned and strengthened by soothing massage. Hot bandlettes which contain fine herbs gathered in the East are applied; and these are still moist with a special lotion, a new process is applied which penetrates and stimulates with her magic effect. There is nothing that has a more ageing effect on the face than eyes that are weary. In home use there are Ganesh bandlettes; these are very soothing and restful and are destined to be used at the end of the day.



Mabel Robey

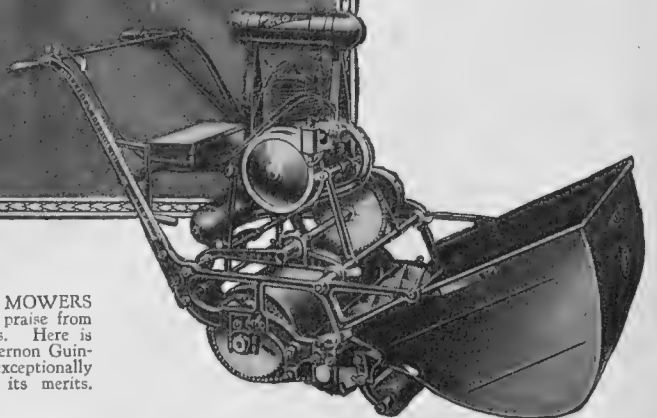
It is essential that the skin be cherished, and this may be done in a highly satisfactory manner with the aid of Mrs. Adair's (33, Old Bond Street) Ganesh Treatments and Preparations



ATCO MOTOR MOWERS have won unstinted praise from many famous owners. Here is a letter from Sir Algernon Guinness, Bart. — one exceptionally competent to judge its merits.

ATCO
ALL BRITISH
MOTOR MOWER

THE sound engineering, the wonderful efficiency and marked economy of the ATCO Motor Mower have been proved to over 25,000 users. Let us prove it to you in a free Demonstration. Prices from 21 gns. or £6 down.



CHARLES H. PUGH LTD. 12 TILTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM



**They always ask
for this!**

Because it is the ideal form of non-intoxicating drink for social festivities, refreshing and lively, and distinguished in character. Schweppes Ginger Ale is the invariable choice of cultured society, to satisfy the increasing demand for a non-alcoholic refreshment of guaranteed excellence.



**Schweppes
GINGER ALE**

Also order SCHWEPPE'S SODA WATER, TONIC WATER, GINGER BEER, LEMON SQUASH, CIDER, ETC.

SANS ADIEU



THE NEW
PERFUME BY
WORTH

PARIS: 7 Rue de la Paix

LONDON: 221 Regent Street and 3 Hanover Square

BIARRITZ: Au Carlton

CANNES: Sur la Croisette

Wholesale Distributing Agents:

DEBACQ & HARROP, 68 Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1

Pictures in the Fire—continued

Oysters, I read, should be eaten "with a fork only," and not with a knife and fork, and that the slice of lemon served with them should be "held in the fingers." Only the very brave, of course, would squeeze the lemon with their teeth. The soup rules are not very new and are confined to a general caution. It does not say anything about biting off your bread and then sloshing them round in the soup plate. I think it should. Cheese you must *not* eat from the point of a knife "however daintily," and you must rather choke to death than remove a bone from the mouth with the fingers. I think this instruction deserves publication at full length:

Fish.—Never remove bones from your mouth with your fingers, and should one find its way into your mouth, remove it as inconspicuously as possible with the aid of your fork.

I wonder how many people there are in the world who are clever enough to disentangle a fish-rib or collar-bone from their hyoid with a fork. One word more:

And finally, when drinking wine, water, or any other beverage, keep your elbow close to your side as you lift your glass.

Also I would like to add: Do not get garrulous or sing, and remain seated until you feel that it is perfectly safe for you to rise without spilling any. The chin should be kept well up.

Famous race-horses are not the only things which have reaped the benefit from violet ray treatment, as I see that some little

have been given such a physical jerk by this means on a Hertfordshire farm that without their knowledge or consent they have been ready to be made into rashers long before the customary time. How useful it would be to the simple but voracious savage if he could procure one of these Tungsten arc lamps, for it is a known fact that in spite of the excellence of the teeth and digestion of primitive man, he is cramped down to business over some of the joints he has to eat, and this in spite of the greatest

care taken about "allowing to simmer over a slow fire." I refer to the historical fact that only the very tough can hope to be successful missionaries. The rays also would do someone's friend, "Mr." Gandhi a bit of good after this wild-goose, weight-reducing walk of his. It does not say what the colour of the little pigs was, whether pink, mid-white, or black, nor does it tell us what colour they turned after being treated with violet. On Baboo Gandhi the effect might be to turn to a passionate puce.



MISS P. F. STEWART, MR. CRAMSIE, AND COLONEL T. R. P. WARREN

Snapped on the rails at the recent jump meeting at Dunstall Park. Miss Stewart owns Rosolio, who was the Hunters' Chase, trained by Cramsie. Colonel Warren has been Chief Constable of Buckinghamshire since 1915.

At the recent interesting exhibition of handy contrivances at the Home Office Museum, in which I believe no second-hand handkerchiefs were included, much to the disappointment of the criminologists, there was exhibited a washing machine which was specially commended to the notice of careful house-wives (*pron.* I am assured "hussives"). This is the paragraph describing it:

The expert pointed out a large washing machine which showed the three stages of clothes cleanliness—first, suds; second, suds; and third, suds. A scientific way is to judge by the blackness of the water!

Could not this be elaborated in the interests of the down-trodden hostess and reduced to a human denomination? Could not some machine on the lactometer principle be evolved? One that would disclose the density of bath-water before and after, so that the hostess could know in a trice whom to ask back and whom not to? It seems to me to be a thing worthy the close attention of our scientists.

SPRING...

The temptation to be daring. The need to be discreet. The decision to get a new suit. The eagerness to act at once. The consideration of ways and means. The misgivings. The danger of succumbing to the thrilling pattern. The fear that the first fine careless rapture will fade long before the suit is ready. The recollection of what you have heard about the "New Tailoring." The hope that it may offer the solution. The journey to Austin Reed's. The not-unduly-optimistic arrival.

* * *

The hardly credible evidence of your watch that you have spent only thirty minutes in the shop. The after-thoughts. The superb range of choice. The astonishing series of true-to-life fittings. The sudden sight of the suit which captured the spirit of spring for you. The thrill of a new experience as you changed into it. The astounding fact that it fitted you, perfectly. The further thrill of finding that it cost far less than you expected. The regrets that you had missed the advantages of this modern tailoring so long. The completeness of your conversion.



LOUNGE SUITS IN THE MOOD OF SPRING FROM SIX TO TEN GUINEAS

AUSTIN REED'S

of Regent Street

WEST END: 103-113 Regent Street, W.1 24 Coventry St., W.1

CITY: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds and Bristol

SX1330

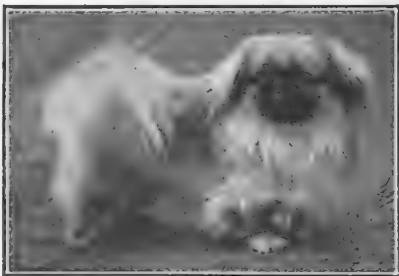
AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

THE "NEW TAILORING" — *The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth*

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

A well-attended meeting of the Executive took place on March 19, Lady Kathleen Pilkington presiding. Much business in connection with both shows was transacted. There are to be two novelties of great interest in connection with our Open Show. One is some Obedience Classes for Alsations of a rather elaborate and interesting character, and the other some classes for dogs belonging to children. This is not really a novelty, as the L.K.A. used to have them in the days of the shows at the Botanical Gardens, but there have not been any since we had our shows at Olympia. Details of these classes will be given later. Our President, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, has kindly consented to attend the show and to give away the prizes in the children's classes.

The Schnauzer is one of the newest breeds in this country, though not in the land of his birth, where, with that thoroughness which distinguishes German breeders, his pedigree has been carefully kept for many generations. When he first appeared in England there was a great danger of his developing on terrier lines, but luckily he had those behind him who knew what he was like in his native country, and that danger is now past. There is something very attractive about his sturdy, honest appearance; he looks like a product of a farm, and is one. He owes his present position largely to the exertions of three ladies—the Duchess of Montrose, Mrs. Kavanagh, and Mrs. Hornyold, who all know him in his native land. The photograph is of Mrs. Hornyold's stud dog Cranbourne Dewet von Rigiblick, who was the Swiss Champion in 1928. Owing to being cropped Dewet cannot be shown in England, but he is a fine dog, very well made, with great bone and particularly hard coat and dark eyes. He is extraordinarily active, and clears a gate without the slightest trouble. Mrs. Hornyold also has an imported



COLIN OF HARTLEBURY
The property of Lady Holder



JAPANESE PUPPIES
The property of Miss Gertrude Savile

Mrs. Foyer will give her to a suitable home—a chance indeed!

Miss Savile's Japanese need no introducing by me, everyone knows them, and how Miss Savile has had Japanese for many years, and what healthy little things they are, brought up to run about outside and never coddled. She sends an entrancing photograph of some puppies she has for sale. They are three months old. Will anyone interested write direct to Miss Gertrude Savile, Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate. Japanese are among the daintiest of the toy breeds, they never were common and at present are rather rare. Miss Savile's dogs, brought up in the bracing air of Harrogate, are particularly hardy and robust.

All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

bitch who was undefeated in Germany. has two lots of puppies for sale, one three months old by a good German dog, also three months old by Dewet. Schnauzers excellent guards without being savage, and unequalled as ratters.

Lady Holder's Pekingese are known all the world, indeed six or seven champions in England and America are sired by her dogs. The photograph of Colin of Hartlebury shows what a lovely type they are. With reference to Pekingese, Mrs. Foyer wishes to find a good home with a lady for a very pretty bitch, deep red head, very affectionate and well-trained, has at small shows, 2½ years old, never to be from; she must be a pet alone, as she is a snappish to other dogs.



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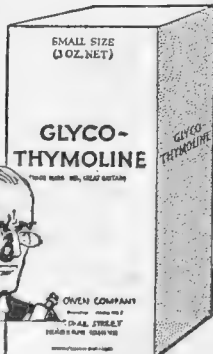
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MILTON & WATER
while you
sleep or dress
½ hour



Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

getting out and crashed through the thin layer of ice that had formed at the edge of the stream.

I scrambled up the bank, only to see lights and figures approaching from a cottage at the edge of the woods where I had been warned the Red patrols lived.

I was a sprinter at school, and I sprinted now, bending low. After running a hundred yards I fell flat on the ground and lay still.

The Red guards ran to the spot where I landed, and fired at the other side. The Finns gave no reply—they had probably made off.

The Reds hung around a bit and slowly retraced their steps. Evidently they had not seen my running figure in the darkness—I was dressed in black clothes—and concluded no one had actually put across.

I breathed again.

When all was quiet I very slowly crawled across the rest of the meadow, hid in a half-built house till dawn, and then proceeded to Petrograd by train.

It was an extraordinary life that I was thenceforward compelled to live in the city that for eight years had been my home. I returned to it by stealth, a stranger, an outcast, unrecognizable in my beard and general disguise even by my closest friends.

Long I stood outside my own house, waiting to see if anyone I knew entered or left. The blinds were drawn and the house was still as death. I made no attempt to get in. I was no longer myself, but one "Joseph Afrenko," supposed agent of the Tcheka. I did get in subsequently under peculiar circumstances—but that will come later in my story.

In the few months of my absence Russia had changed beyond recognition. My Chief's prediction that foreign representatives would be hounded out of the country had come true. The Bolsheviks and their internal opponents alike had started a reign of terror. The German Minister, Count Mirbach, had been murdered by the Socialist-Revolutionaries, who were violent enemies of the Bolsheviks, and Captain Crombie, British Naval Attaché, had been assassinated on the steps of the British Embassy while defending it against the Bolshevik raiders.

It was my task to pick up the tattered shreds of previous intelligence organizations and work up a new system for the obtaining of information on social, political, economic, and military conditions.

But first I had to create conditions under which I could live myself, while subjecting those who worked with me to the minimum of risk.

I slept in a different place every night, used a different name at every house I stayed in, and never disclosed in one place the secret of other night haunts. I was not often followed, for my disguise was perfect, but when I was it was generally by women, for the Bolsheviks imitated the Tsarist trick of using prostitutes for this purpose.

Gradually I formed connections with ramifications in every Government department. It was not difficult to find agents willing to discover or reveal official secrets, for it should not be forgotten that even now after more than ten years of Bolshevik rule and propaganda, less than one per cent. of the Russian populace belongs to the Communist party.

Willingness was one thing, but practice another, for the Tcheka with its wholesale arrests and executions and constant house-searchings held the entire civil population in the grip of terror.

The necessary information obtained, the next thing was to get it out of the country and to London. This was the most difficult problem of all, since all the frontiers were closed, and the Bolsheviks were at war with all their neighbours.

At first I used as couriers escaping refugees, who undertook to deliver my messages to the first British Consul they could find. The messages were written in cipher on tissue paper, rolled up very small and concealed generally in the bearer's boots.

But during the subsequent ten months that I conducted this Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia, I built up a more or less regular secret courier service to and fro. I was also obliged twice to bring my despatches out of the country myself. Each journey over the frontier incurred adventures similar to that involved in crossing the River Sestro. Altogether I thus traversed the frontier six times, each time under different conditions and most in different places.

The second crossing was made after I had been nearly a month in Petrograd. I felt it necessary to confer directly with London through the head office of Intelligence Northern Europe, which was situated at Stockholm.

I also wished to escort over the frontier a lady I had been instrumental in aiding to escape from the Tcheka.

This lady, Mrs. M., was English. She had been arrested on a charge of being connected with British espionage previous to my arrival. Whether this was so or not, she certainly had lent generous assistance to English refugees who were fleeing from the vast prison that was Soviet Russia, and this in the eyes of the Bolsheviks was no less a crime than espionage itself.

Both disguised as peasants, Mrs. M. and I drove to the terminal station on the outskirts of the city of a short railway line that ran in the direction of the Finnish frontier. It is impossible to describe the pandemonium that reigned on the platform. Thousands of hungry civilians carrying bags and sacks were on their way to the country to forage for themselves, the Bolshevik system of food distribution and Communistic lines having reduced the towns to famine. This private

(Continued on p. 17)



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Secret Service in Red Russia—continued

foraging for provisions was against the law and was denounced as capitalistic, but for tens of thousands of people it was the only way to keep body and soul together.

I whispered into my companion's ear that in case of trouble on the train we should say we were going in search of milk for our sick children.

I bundled her unceremoniously into a freight car that was already crammed to overflowing, and after us a crowd still climbed up on to the roof and clung to the buffers.

The last stage of the journey across the frontier was made at night on foot, through deep snow, the peasant guide whom I had hired marching ahead and trampling a path. I was amazed at the fortitude with which Mrs. M., after weeks of terrible privations, stood this long and exhausting walk through the forests. We tramped the whole night long in constant fear of being discovered by Red patrols. She bore up much better than three other members of the party who had asked if they might join us at the last stage. They were two girls of fifteen and sixteen and a governess who spoke French, and as they were obviously refugees like ourselves I saw no reason to refuse. Every mile or so they would beg to be allowed to lie down on the snow to rest.

We reached a ditch but a few paces in width, into which our guide tumbled head-foremost and disappeared. When we had



Pool, Dublin

AT THE KILL HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. Frederick A. Sterling, the American Minister to the Irish Free State, and Mrs. E. J. Wilkinson before the Ladies' Race. Mrs. Wilkinson, who is a prominent figure with the Meath Hounds, was second out of a field of eight in the race on her own horse Kostic

dragged him out we were puzzled as to how the ladies should get across. I calculated that the soft snow would probably hold if I lay flat on it. So I threw myself across, digging my feet one side and my hands in the other, making a bridge. One by one the ladies walked over my back; I then wriggled over on my stomach and we all got across safely.

Who were the two girls, very cultured and aristocratic in appearance? They refused to speak until we had reached the rickety little plank that spanned the stream marking the frontier. With joy and relief we all espied the blue and white post that showed we were in Ireland! My companions fell on their knees with fervent prayers of thanks-giving, and I stood bare-headed beside them. Then I learned that they were the daughters of the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovich, uncle of the murdered Tsar.

I thought of them many a time afterwards, these fair companions on an adventurous journey. But I thought of them particularly a few weeks later when my father, together with three other Grand Dukes, all near relatives of the Tsar, were shot by the Reds in the fortress of Peter and St. Paul. The firing party composed of Lettish and Chinese hired soldiers. The victims were placed in a row against the wall. One of them struggled and was beaten to the ground and there he lay. The others fell at their place against the wall, and all four bodies were cast into a common grave, together with hundreds of unknown corpses.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

High-powered Cuckoos.

SOMEONE mentioned this morning that he had come to regard the sound of aeroplane engines as a sign of spring. When the and falling hum of many engines comes continuously in the bedroom window in the morning (not too early) you are sure, when you get up, of seeing a blue sky, cold and fresh as a stream, with aeroplanes contentedly swimming in it; a sky "ful of fishes lighte, with finnes rede and scales silver-brighte." (It is another that Chaucer in the thirteen hundreds should have used up all the descriptive passages about aeroplanes.) Those machines signalling the opening of the flying season. The possibility of this regarding the plane as a harbinger of spring, a kind of high-powered cuckoo, is, at that, to a large extent, flying is still seasonal. Club and private activities show an increase towards April according to the club returns and there is a great deal more Service flying in the summer than in winter. If it is to continue to make headway, flying must become a seasonal amusement and more an all-the-year-round means of transport. But before it can become an all-the-year-round means of transport

a light aeroplane will need to be given one more good quality. This quality was suggested by Mr. Handley Page when he spoke at the Institute of Transport the other day. He suggested that the intelligent private owner placed as much value upon the speed-range of his aeroplane as he does upon the flexibility of his car, and he likened existing types of light aeroplanes to the single-gear motor-bicycles of the all-too-energetic past. It is an interesting and novel suggestion, and it is to be hoped that it will turn designers' attention to the provision of wider speed-ranges. The reduction of landing-speeds is already being tackled. I was able to see one of the most promising examples of the low-landing speed-machine at Mr. Dudley Watt's works at Brooklands on the day of the opening car race-meeting. It is to the designs of Mr. Pearson, who was responsible for the Henderson-Glenny, the original idea upon which the whole machine is based being due to Captain Stack.

The landing speed aimed at is about 28 m.p.h., a stalling speed of about 35 m.p.h. The machine, which is to be the D.W.2, will be the slowest landing and cheapest English two-seater that has yet been produced. For training it ought to be ideal in the schools, and Mr. Dudley Watt suggests that it will reduce the required for teaching a complete novice to fly from about eight hours to about three. But to me the thing that appeals most is its suitability for people who are not able to devote much time to keeping up flying practice. For these low landing-speed is essential. It gives confidence which is the foundation of enjoyment in both flying and driving. It only remains to keep up the top speeds while the landing speeds go down and the wide speed ranges desired by Mr. Handley Page will be achieved. The price of the D.W.2 is to be £600. In the biplane braced with the Warren truss, its span being about 38 ft.

An All-Metal Light Aeroplane.

The term all-metal has been so much abused that it is necessary to explain that the Junkers Junior monoplane is an all-metal aeroplane. That is to say, its wings and fuselage are metal-covered in addition to its main structure being of metal. It has an Armstrong Siddeley Genet engine, and its top speed is over 100 m.p.h. The landing speed, according to the maker's catalogue, is 46 m.p.h. The price complete with C. of A. registration and log-books, is £840. The concessionaires are Trost Brothers of Victoria Street. The Genet engine, worth recalling, is one of the neatest small radials there are.

Gliding made a good if gentle start at Guildford and Ivinghoe the prospect is encouraging. When one observes the dearth of amusing outdoor occupations it seems that gliding is bound to be a public. The fact that it allows scope for the ambitious in soaring is a strong point in its favour, for it thereby avoids giving the impression of being a dead-end sport.



OFF TO THE CAPE!

Mr. and Mrs. Alan S. Butler's departure for the Cape in the Aircraft Operating Company's "Gloster" air survey machine, from the Air Park, took place on Thursday, March 11. The photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Butler just before the start.



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OUR RIVIERA LETTER—continued.

Autograph-hunting, which up till this year was quite in abeyance in Riviera lawn tennis circles, has now come very much to the fore again, and what with this and the ever busy camera-men, the stars are always kept busy whether they are on the court or off.

Tilden of course continues to be the big noise amongst the men players, and despite the fact that he has played hard every week since early December, seems to be playing better each day. His armful of rackets always attract the children, and I saw two small boys eyeing them wistfully the other day. "I wonder if I had an old one whether I could play a bit like him," said one to the other, and I must say he does make the game look so desperately easy that one is apt to be quite deceived about its numerous pitfalls and difficulties.

There is a great cocktail-shaking competition at the Miramar this week-end, and the jury, which is composed of Army, Navy, Air Force, and Diplomatic Service men, will need to be very level-headed indeed if they mean to sample the hundred-and-one odd concoctions that will inevitably be forced upon them during the course of the competition. Sir Richard Waldie Griffiths is the president of the jury, and other members are Sir Hugo de Bathe, Mr. Claude Grahame-White, Sir Skipton Climo, and Colonel Scott Harden. One lady competitor, besides mixing and serving her cocktail in record time, proposes also to match it in colour to the dress of any lady who orders one, and I have already heard of so many completely original mixtures, which their proud owners tell me are quite certain to carry off the prize, that my head reels in anticipation.

There have been some very interesting parties given this week, amongst them

a very brilliant reception held by Prince and Princess Christian of H. at the Villa Mariposa, where there was a wonderful pianoforte recital by Princess Galitzene, Princess Nicholas of Greece, Grand Duchess H. of Russia, and the Duchess de Vendome, were amongst the sixty guests.

Amongst the newcomers expected at Cannes quite shortly is the famous little caricaturist, "Sem," who has been very ill this winter in Paris, and is coming south to recuperate. The Baroness von Hutten, who came here also as something of an invalid, is, I am glad to say, ever so much better, and I hear to-day that the Marchioness of Milford Haven arrives next week.

Lady Lavery has her daughter, Mrs. McHenry, back again once more, for she and her husband (to whom she was only married about ten days ago) decided to cut their honeymoon short and come back to Cannes, where they are taking part in the lawn tennis tournament.—CAROLINE.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS—cont.

you and I and probably quite a few thousand Parisians will recognize the somewhat plump, leonine-maned profile of the man, the thick, long tresses and "bun," and the unmistakable nose (*en pied de marmite*) of the lady, nevertheless I have no doubts whether provincial and foreign visitors to Paris—and after all it is they who now form the majority of theatre-goers in the French capital—will realize that they are contemplating the features of Sacha Guitry and his Yvonne. Heaven knows how whole-heartedly I admire this couple on the stage, and how very greatly I am looking forward to their *première* to-night . . . but how very irritating is Sacha's megalomania at times!—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MRS. BILLY ARNOLD

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M. GUY DE GERNY

The French dress designer who used to create all Deslys' clothes, and designed all the costumes for the Hulbert productions, "The in Cloyer" and "The That Jack Built." This was taken near Lake M.

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GOLD

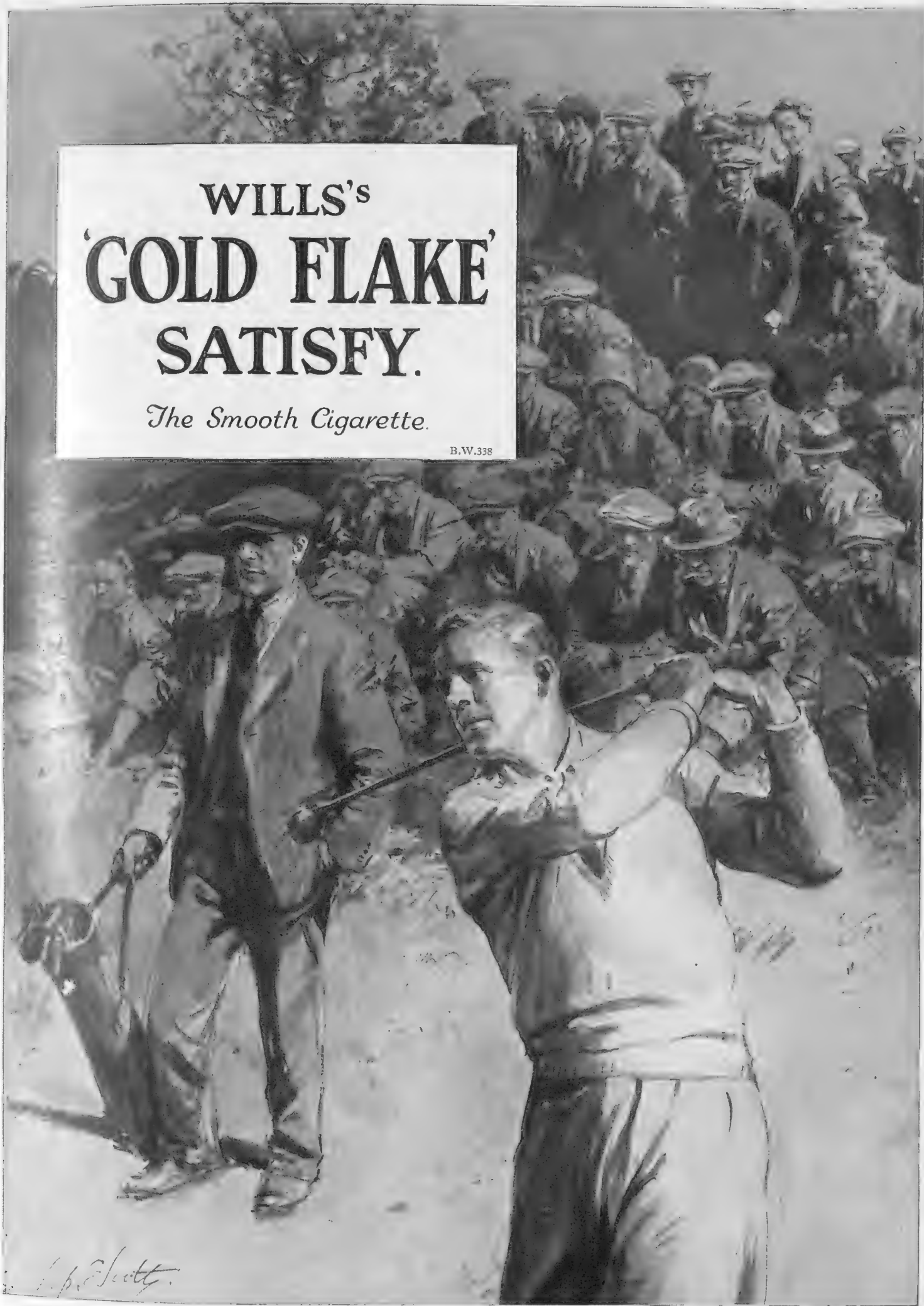


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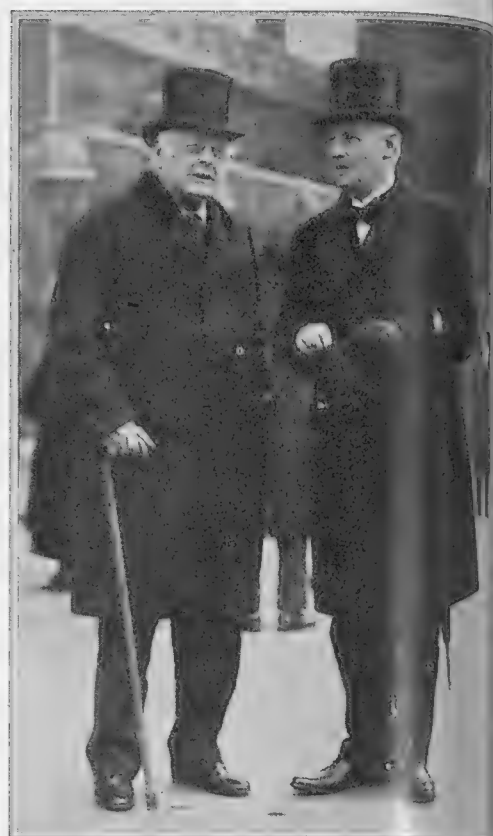




THE RIGHT HON. T. J. MACNAMARA AND
HIS DAUGHTER



THE REV. MR. KIDD



THE RT. HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL AND
SIR DONALD MACLEAN

The snapshot of the Rev. Mr. Kidd was taken when he played the part of Captain Shackleton in the pantomime "Sinbadrella," organized by the officers of H.M.S. "Repulse" and played at Gibraltar. The other snapshots were taken recently in London. The Rt. Hon. Thomas Macnamara was member for North-west Camberwell. The most strenuous time in the political life of Mr. Augustine Birrell was when he was Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Sir Donald Maclean is the member for the Northern Division of Cornwall.



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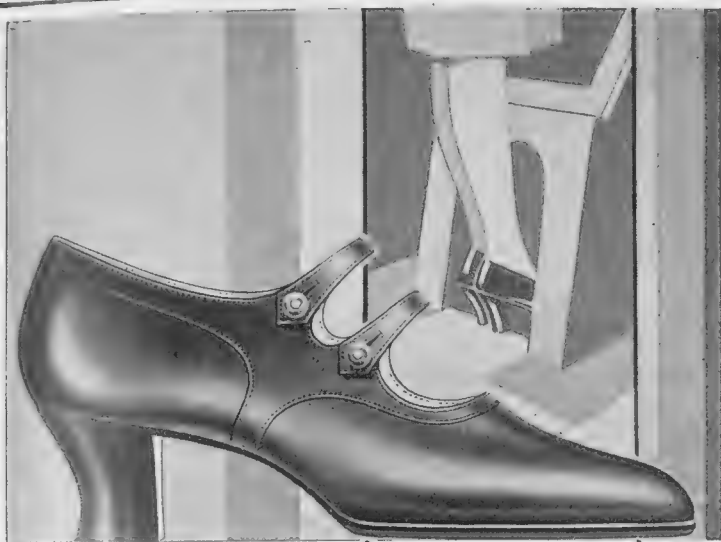
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this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

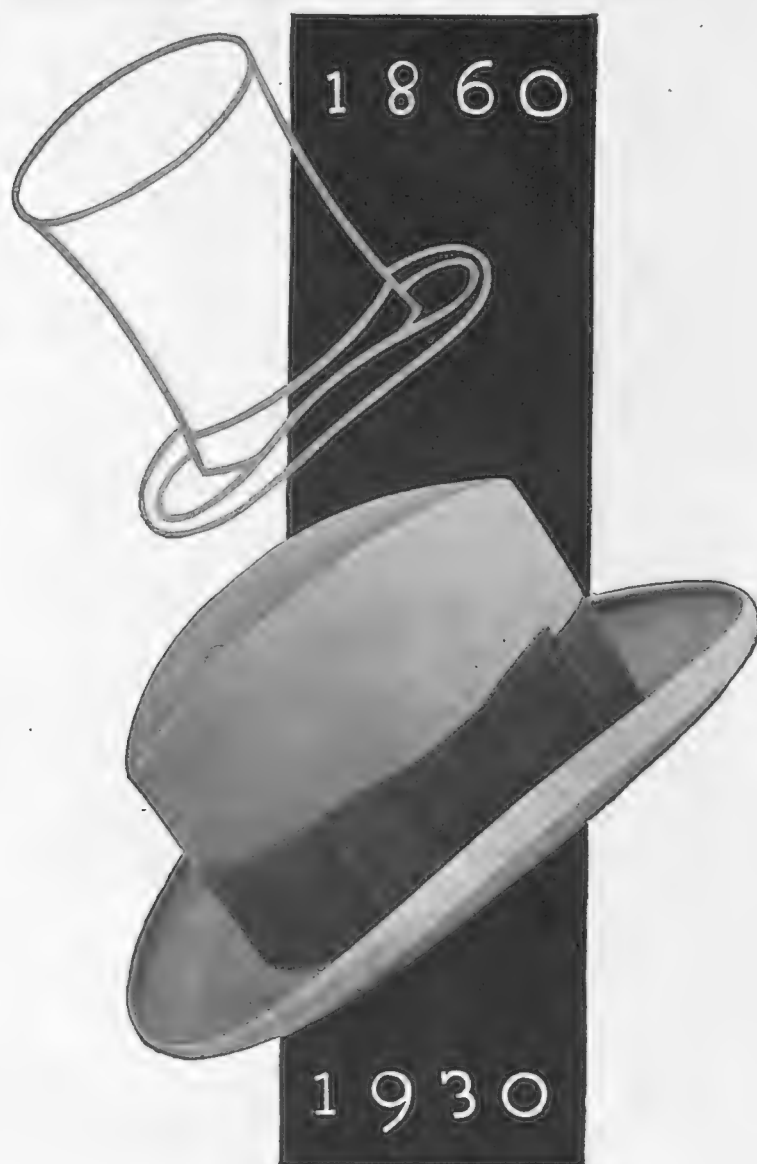
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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for a poor widow, aged seventy-six, who is practically an invalid. Many years ago her husband and her only child died, and so she had to take work as a cook-housekeeper to support herself. When well over sixty strain and worry had their revenge, and she became crippled with rheumatism. Of course she could no longer work, and she existed on fast dwindling savings until she received the old age pension. Her only relatives are a granddaughter and a blind sister living some distance away. One dreary and pain-ridden day succeeds another, bringing with it the ever-present problem of trying to exist on 10s. a week. Rent is 4s., and so she has 6s. for coal, food, and light, etc. No wonder she is often fireless on even the coldest days! We plead for £13 to relieve this old lady of her life of hardships by allowing her a regular 5s. weekly.

Buttercup Day is going to be held over the whole of London and many towns and villages in the Home Counties on Wednesday, April 9. It is in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital for the Cure of Crippled Children. Miss Violet Lorraine, who has been a tremendous help to the hospital, is having a stall in Selfridge's where she will sell buttercups. The work of this hospital is well known and child patients come from all over the British Isles, consequently there is great difficulty in getting the money needed to carry on the work of curing the children who suffer from tuberculosis, rickets, and infantile paralysis. The hospital is a pioneer in the treatment of patients by open air and sunlight at its country branch at Stanmore, where recent extensions have incurred a debt of £60,000. The extraordinary success of the hospital in dealing with these crippled children is proved by a few figures. Twenty years ago the hospital had eighty-seven beds and the number of out-patients was 3,000. To-day there are 460 beds and 95,000 out-patients. Contributions to the hospital will be gratefully acknowledged by Lieut.-Colonel A. E. C. Myers, Appeal Secretary, Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, 234, Great Portland Street, S.W. 1.



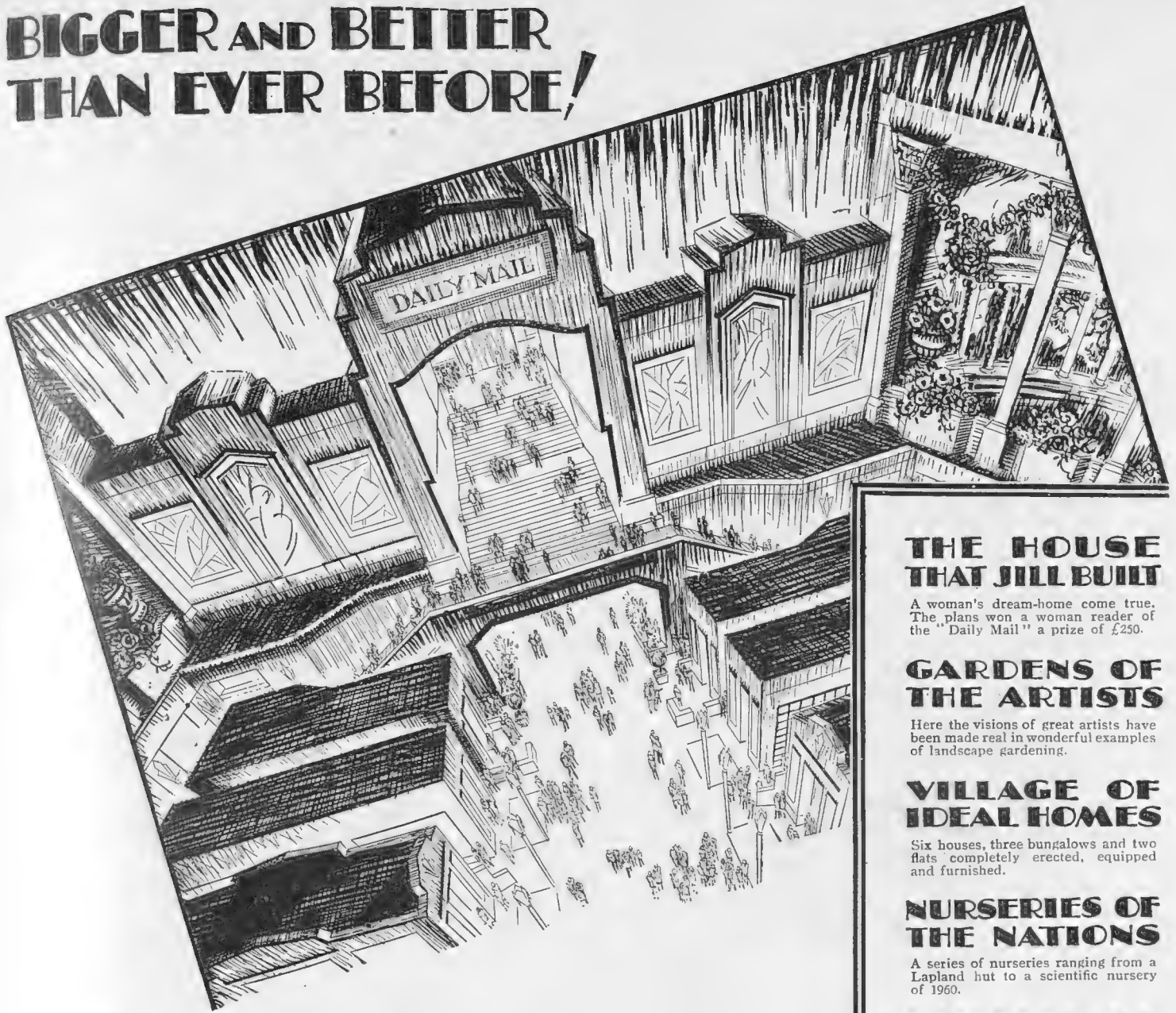
MISS VIOLET LORRAINE

Who is helping on Buttercup Day, April 9, by having a stall at Selfridge's. Buttercup Day is in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital for the Cure of Crippled Children and is being celebrated over the whole of London and in many towns and villages in the Home Counties

The finest electrical recording of Cesar Franck's popular Sonata in A Minor for piano and violin is included in the March issue by "His Master's Voice." Alfred Cortot and Jacques Thibaud, recognized as the finest living interpreters of this beautiful work, play perfectly in every detail, and the recording is a triumph. Some months have elapsed since an important Tchaikovsky composition was featured, and there will be a large demand for the Variations of the Suite in G, played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. These varied interpretations of a theme appeal to everyone, and no one knows better than Sir Landon Ronald how to secure an exquisitely balanced performance. The New Light Symphony Orchestra is very brilliant in Herold's "Zampa" overture, "Der Rosenkavalier" waltz, by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Dr. Leo Blech, is a medley of the most melodious waltzes from Strauss' great opera. The more one hears this record the more one is enchanted. It is good again to listen to the Royal Belgian Guards Band, a superbly organized body of musicians who give the joyous overture of "La Muette de Portici" with fascinating force. From the recently produced *Here Comes the Bride*, the New Mayfair Orchestra gives several first-rate tunes, while the Palladium Orchestra makes its debut with H.M.V. in "La Siesta" and "The Grasshopper's Dance," both full of attractively novel effects. Importance attaches to any effort of John McCormack, and now on one record he gives some of the best-known Schubert songs. Peter Dawson will add to his vast fame with "The Village Blacksmith" and "Anchored." That incomparable comedienne, Gracie Fields, laughingly deals with love on the farm in "Now't About Owt" and is sentimental in "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine."

There is a great deal of talk nowadays regarding totalisator betting, which has come to stay undoubtedly. Pari-mutuels are springing up all over the country and are attracting a host of patrons. Douglas Stuart, whose reputation for absolute security and fair dealing is well known, offers a totalisator service for the benefit of his many present and prospective clients. Commissions are executed at full totalisator returns with no limit. He also accepts wires up to the advertised time of the race, or from race-courses up to the "Off." As such wires do not reach him until after the race, the money does not get back to the machine, with the possibility of reducing the odds. No charge whatever is made for this service; there are no vexatious restrictions and no deposits. Clients have of course the option of doing business at totalisator prices or at starting price, and all transactions are on a credit basis.

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"THE TATLER'S" MOTOR SECTION

The Footsteps of Spring on the Road

By JOHN PRIOLEAU

BY the time this appears in THE TATLER the most important date in the whole of the three hundred and sixty-five of the year will be still before us and our outlook on life for the next six months will be entirely changed. That date is of course the miraculous moment in time when spring is officially with us, and that magnificent invention, Daylight Saving, is once again in force.

For us users of the road spring is of course the beginning of all good things in the year. When we take our cars out, old or new, on to the roads of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, or on any road, the luckiest of us on to those of France and Spain and the countries of the sun, we see just those things of which we have been dreaming, perhaps unconsciously, ever since the last colour faded from the roads with the final gleam of the autumn leaves. We see—in fact we have been seeing for the last fortnight or so—that indescribable pink look about woods standing a couple of miles or so from you, that colour which seems to have no consistency. It is as though the apparently bare branches were wrapped in a mist which is not of this earth, and yet when, full of excitement over the theory, you gallop up to them (or if you like, drop back into third and race up to them), you do not find, as you expect, anything in the least resembling pink, either on or anywhere near them. It is merely one of the many flags which are so bravely flown by the heralds of spring.

All roads, even perhaps one or two by-passes, take on a strange, rather incongruous air. It is much lighter of course, and occasionally there may even be sunshine on them, but when you come to look into the matter you discover that that is not the reason for their unexpected attraction. You are driving between millions of invisible buds, invisible, that is to say, singly, but faintly perceptible in battalions. We see a new kind of blue sky and perfectly new grass fields. A new world, miraculously dressed in brand-new clothes of the latest, fashion has suddenly taken the place of the shivering old drab we learned to hate so bitterly at the beginning of the year.

All these things and a million others we go out to find year after year, and every time we find them we explain with perfect justice that we have never seen anything like them before. Sometimes we find them as early as the middle of March. Sometimes a good three weeks later, when of course there is no lack of pessimists to say that a late spring is a poor one, and means no summer and all winter, and all the things that those impossible people say who pretend to be intimate with climates and such like abstractions. All these things, as I say, are of the highest importance, and life on the road would be quite inconceivable if, at all events in England, spring were as the weekend visitor she is in southern countries. We may yearn for the long days of summer, when we know that we have sixteen hours or more driving light to take us in safety from London to



TRIAL BY WATER

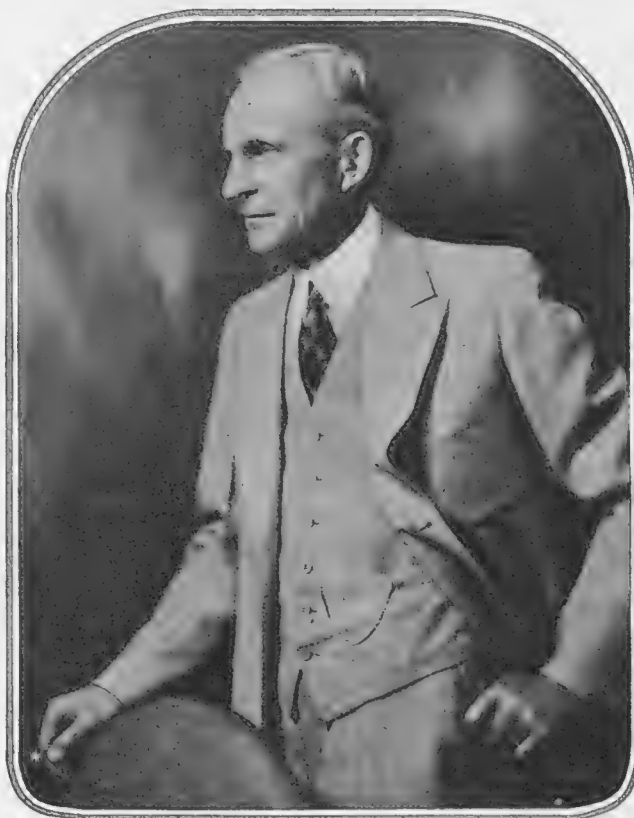
A Buick car crossing the ford alongside of Packhorse Bridge, a picturesque monument to a bygone mode of travel, at Allerford in Devon

Edinburgh, if a stunt so appalling should attract us, but if we had our wish and were able to jump in the course of a week from spring to full summer, we should be sacrificing quite half of the joys of the open road.

I have no idea when the official date of the spring may be, except that I have a vague notion it occurs in March. It is, as I say, an exceedingly important one, but nothing like so important as that of the Daylight Saving date. They may call it spring in the calendar and at the Weather Offices, but even those remarkably clever people might easily be hard put to it to call adequate witnesses to their statements—such reliable witnesses, for example, as primroses, hot, sunny days, and the smell of growing things. They could not even call with any confidence on the smell of a newly-tarred road in support of their contentions. A single blizzard, or a week's gale, or a fortnight's spring rains will easily settle that. The other date, so infinitely more important, becomes a concrete fact. Duly announced in print and by broadcast, there comes a marvellous moment when you put the hands of your clock on a whole priceless hour.

I shall want every one of those extra hours this spring, and so will you. It is going to resemble most other springs which one has known in this wonderful England of ours in being an especially good one for lovers of the road. I should not ask if I were you how I know this, because you might not understand my many reasons. Let it suffice you that I do know that we are in for the

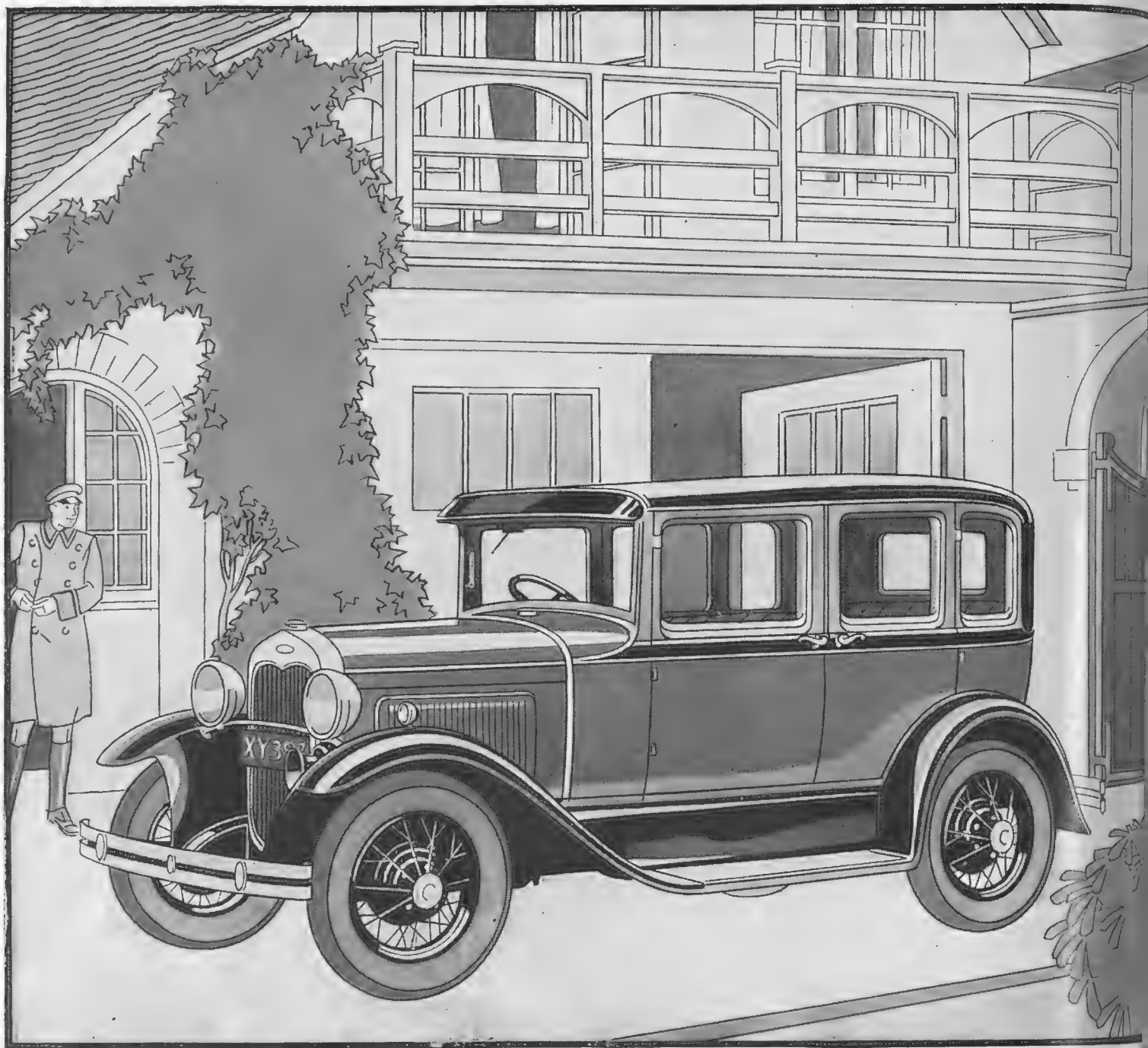
(Continued on p. xxxviii)



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MRS. T. H. WISDOM

The winner of the Ladies' March Handicap in her Frazer-Nash 1496 c.c. at the opening race meeting at Brooklands

or lift a belated head in the autumn. It is consequently far better and also less difficult to trust to other indications, that we are approaching the vernal equinox.

A glance at a main road is now sufficient. Spring is evidently here, for the 180,000 motor-cars that have been hibernating this last six months have again been let loose upon the highway, upon which they have intermingled with the 180,000,000 motor-coaches that have also, this six months, been enjoying a life of ease in the garage.

Suffer me for a moment to pause and express my utter disbelief in the sanity of car-owners who stow them away in dark places just because hours of daylight have got short, and by that means they have saved a few pounds in tax. I would not have thought there could have been so many foolish people in the British Isles, even accepting the Carlylean *mot*, for I am certain that, to stick a car away for half a year (this is not allowing for the tax period dodged at the end of September) is a poor policy. It is precisely in the dark months that the best value of a motor-car can be exploited.

I do not say that between October and the end of March motoring for motoring's sake offers the most agreeable prospect, but there is just as fine motoring, as lastingly enjoyable, as full of real thrill, and as prodigal in scenic beauty, to be had even in a British winter as at any other time of the year.

It rather pleases me to think that some of these foolish virgins, or vergers, or whatever other profession they may belong to, that have put no oil in their sumps for many weeks past, have got their cars once more into the open air (to which they properly belong), only to find that they have fallen off in value more than enough to swamp the economy in tax that has been effected, possibly too even enough to wipe out any economy in insurance. So that when they come to look things squarely in the face they will most likely find that they might just as well have kept their cars in commission, their wives and families in greater contentment, their golf handicaps at a reasonable figure, and the vehicles themselves in better order.

As for the coaches that now flood the roads, there is reason enough for their having gone to ground during the winter. It is conceivable that one excuse for their disappearance is their small chance of paying a dividend during the "back end." But I prefer to think, and indeed I am convinced my deduction, or it may be my conjecture, is correct, that these leviathans retire periodically from active service so that like the old-fashioned flowers they may show us their

THE SEASON OPENS

By W. G. ASTON

TIME was when the harbingers of spring were swallows, snow-drops, crocuses, daffodils, the singing of birds, the burgeoning of bushes, and the planting of seeds in the garden. But we and the times have changed, perhaps lamentably, and the harbingers have changed with us.

You cannot nowadays trust crocuses and daffodils to give you an accurate line upon the calendar, because, under stress of horticultural progress, they either come up unnaturally at Christmas

brand new spring coat of colour. Prinked up in all the hues of the rainbow they lend an air of gaiety and pageantry to the highway which I, for one, find by no means displeasing, and if by Act of Parliament (less likely things have occurred) coaches were now compelled to go about arrayed only in sober hues as approved by the Ministry of Transport, I should weep bitter tears.

Formerly I abominated coaches, or rather those scharrybangs, from which the mature coach is evolved.

That was because they had bumping solid tyres, and their open bodies permitted the ebullient spirits who rode in them to toss beer bottles in the direction of one's precious pneumatics. But now they are nearly all closed, incidentally offering a standard of comfort that few touring cars exceed, and the beer bottles instead of being chucked overboard, are duly returned to the steward who presides over the small canteen at the back of the vehicle.

Also, thanks to one of the best things that the Ministry of Transport in this country ever did, they run on pneumatic tyres, and do not, too, Carnera-like, bruise our road surfaces. Also their occupants now refrain from launching comic balloons and vulgar-coloured streamers of paper. How civilizing an influence can be exerted by glass! In the form of windows, of course.

I wish I had some official statistics by me so that I could see exactly how many extra vehicles were on the King's highway the day after the fresh quarterly licenses could be taken out. It is, of course, not really statistical to say that they emulate the growth of mushrooms, or the descent of manna from the sky.

These notes are naturally being written before the declaration of the Budget, and I accordingly am ignorant of the methods which will be used to plunder the pockets of the motorist. Plundered, however, he certainly must be, and will continue to be, seeing that he publicly flaunts an article, which declares him to be in possession of a certain amount of wealth, or at least of sufficient bluff to acquire property on the easy-payment system. He is bound to be taxed, and, I think, with almost certainly

increasing gravity, since a levy on motor-cars, either on petrol or on horse-power, or on both, is merely another form of income tax.

Nevertheless I counsel the motorist to pay up and look pleasant, consoled by the fact that the motor-car of to-day is very much better value for money than anything else he can buy. If he has that much motoring experience to fall back upon, let him cast his mind back to the conditions of July, 1914. He may have paid, then, only half as much for his boots and his clothes, his food, and his drink (far less for his drink) than he pays now, but the sort of car he could buy for £275 in those halcyon days was a very different thing from what he can get to-day for the same figure.

I hope that whatever may be the upshot, we shall not this year have a recrudescence of the complaint that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is "battering" on motorists. Strictly speaking the term hardly means anything, for we are all motorists

(Continued on p. xxxii)



MISS E. M. SCOTT

Who finished second in the Ladies' March Handicap at the opening meeting at Brooklands in her Bugatti 1,990 c.c.



MR. A. H. CONAN DOYLE AND HIS BROTHER

At the recent meeting of the Southport Motor Club, which held its races on the Ainsdale Sands, Southport. Mr. A. H. Conan Doyle and his brother are the sons of the famous Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



THE POST OFFICE, CASABLANCA

A Chevrolet coupé is in the foreground. The Casablanca Post Office, Morocco, is quite modern, but the architect has had the artistic sense to preserve the Moorish influence

own cars to a right view of automobilism, to a recognition of its delights, and to a tolerance for speed, than any other agency.

All the same I can find it in my heart to wish that the Budget did not make its appearance in the spring. What is the good of tightening up means of extracting income tax from me just when my thoughts are flattering themselves with the imagination of new models and the lengthened hours of daylight which would enable me to make the fullest possible use of them.

This is where the Chancellor should unquestionably get in line with modern requirements. Let him issue his demands upon the public purse when we are all feeling

very bucked as a result of our summer holidays, and when we can see means of economizing rather than, as at present, the thousand and one ways in which we can delectably spend our pocket-money.

Meanwhile we have a good many things for which to be profoundly thankful. The "Age of Consent," if I may so phrase it, for motor-cyclists has now been raised from fourteen to sixteen. I have had in the last year or two to meet so many two-wheel speed fiends who appeared to have the mentality of an infant in arms that I cannot regard this measure as being an assault upon public liberty.

A vast amount of really valuable work has been done upon our roads. No doubt an enormous sum of public

to-day, including the passengers in the ubiquitous coach, and this being the case, we, of whom some were motorists when it was something to be a motorist, ought to be grateful. The motor-coach has done more to convert people who cannot own their

money has been squandered in building bad, vulnerable, and dangerous surfaces, but at all events the owner of the fast car cannot complain that he has nowhere to "let it out."

Another thing upon which we can safely congratulate ourselves is the multiplication of petrol stations. These follow one another at such short intervals on some main roads that their "run-ins" offer a sort of by-pass road which can be taken full advantage of by a real thruster.

But now that the spring is here and the roads once more have their maximum population, let us make some New Season's Resolutions with the object of saving our own lives, and even of reducing the risk to which we expose others.

I set down, without diffidence, a list of good resolves which are to be recommended:

1. Not to hog. Because it is so easily proved that you can get there almost as quickly without hogging.

2. To give the proper signals. Failing that, to give no signals at all, for anything is better than offering misleading information.

3. Not to pull up for picnic or amatory purposes at corners and on narrow bends even if they do afford a beautiful view or a beautiful privacy.

4. Not to show off the power of brakes in entrance drives of golf clubs, hotels, and the like. Legion, this is to your address.

5. Not to monkey about with the headlight switch, but to use the dipper as and when required. Seldom preferred.

6. Not to use headlamps in towns or where there is adequate road illumination.

7. Definitely and consistently to hug the side of the road if we want to dawdle.

8. Definitely and consistently to put our foot down on the gas when we want to get on with the job.

9. Not to form processions, but rather to eschew them and to break them up.

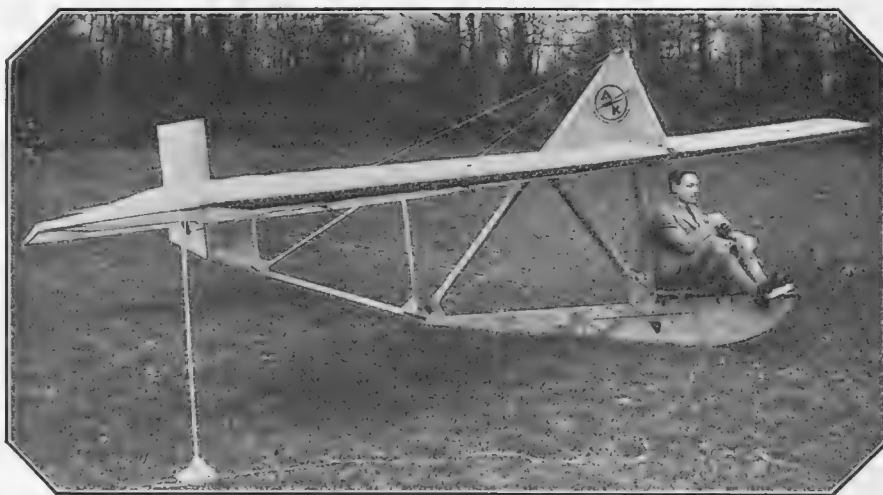
10. After a shower of rain on up-to-date road surfaces to try whether it has any "tyre-hold" and not to wait for this

experiment until emergency arises.

11. To try and understand what "cutting-in" means and not to indulge in it. For the daily papers tell us most distinctly that we should not do it.

12. Never to demonstrate what a glorious burble comes from the exhaust of a sports car—within one mile of any habitation.

13. Never to take the road unless we are fully covered by insurance. How virtuous we shall then feel when it is compulsory.



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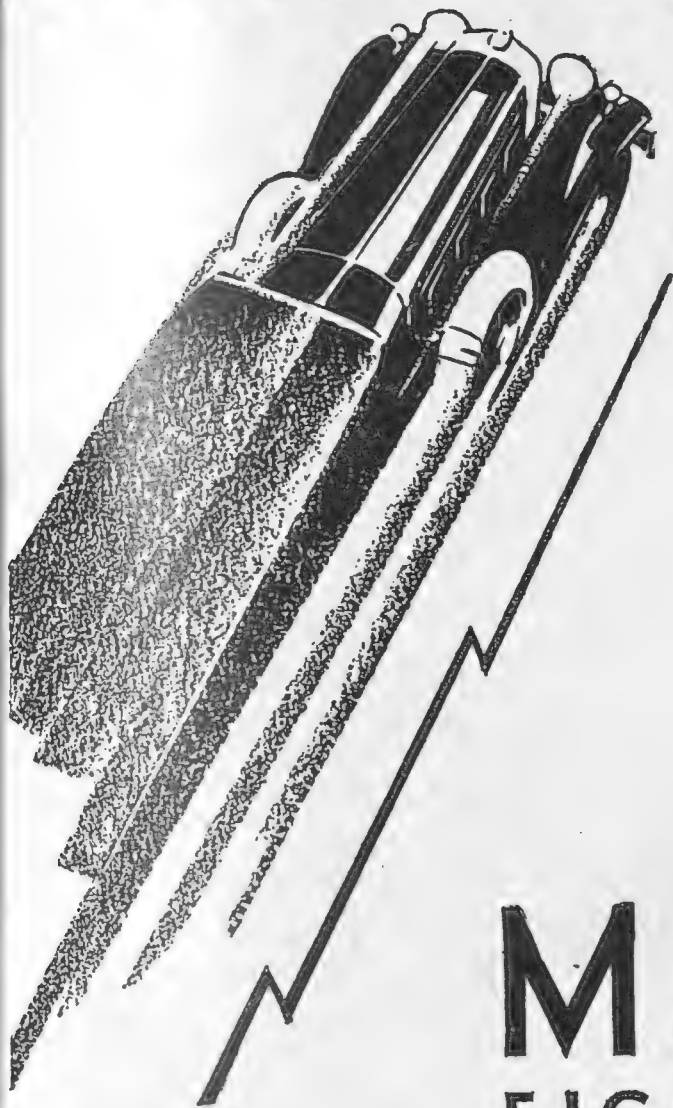
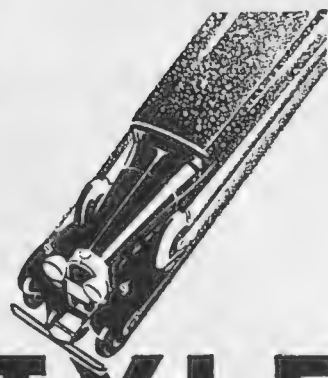
That famous and beautiful spot in which not only Les Anglais imbibe ozone. The car is a Morris-Oxford



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MARMON

EIGHT CYLINDER CARS

T.B.L.

By Car Through Normandy to Mont St. Michel

Written and Illustrated
By CLIVE HOLLAND

NORMANDY has long been a somewhat favourite touring ground with the British motorist, and for very good reasons.

In Normandy one has for many years past, except during the period of the War, always been sure of excellent main roads and good secondary roads, and comfortable and well-managed hotels, even in the smaller towns, at which good food is the rule and not the exception. The comparative cheapness of the holiday, too, makes its appeal, and the presence of many interesting and historic towns and a picturesque and varied countryside, to which undoubted attractions may be added that of several good routes across the Channel by which Normandy may be reached, and of recent times excellent transport for cars at reasonable rates, are other recommendations. But nevertheless Normandy is not visited by motorists as much as it should be. Especially is this the case in spring. As Easter this year falls late, and the season across the Channel is rather unusually early, Easter will be blossom time in Normandy, and apple and pear trees have begun to bloom and spread a magical veil of loveliness all over the countryside.

The season of blossoming of these trees lasts generally from about the end of the first week in April till the middle of May, with slight variations caused each year by unusual mildness or rigour in the climate. The pear trees are the first to bloom, and form a great white bouquet in the midst of a verdant countryside already starred over with beautiful multi-coloured wild flowers. Seen from the top of a hill in the pear-tree district the effect is that of a whole countryside as though wrapped in an ermine cloak. And but a short time later the apple trees burst into flower, and Normandy is clothed with a delicate pink and white mantle of the most alluring charm.

An early tour in Normandy, too, means a cheaper tour, for the usual holiday resorts



MONT ST. MICHEL, NORMANDY

The single granite cone on which the old Benedictine Monastery stands in St. Michel Bay is 242 feet high. The Mont is joined to the mainland by a causeway a mile long. St. Michel is in the south-west corner of Normandy, about eighteen miles west of Avranches

and historic towns are of course much less crowded than in summer especially July and August. One is welcomed and made extra comfortable by little attentions which in the "rush" season cannot be looked for. Probably the cost of the tour during April and May or September and October—if an autumn holiday is only possible—will work out at about or even less than two-thirds the cost in July and August.

Normandy is, fortunately for the enterprising motorist, easily reached by two good routes—that of Newhaven to Dieppe and of Southampton to Le Havre. Both are served by the Southern Railway. One takes the motorist to the eastern confines of the famous Duchy, and the latter provides a more central starting point for one's tour. There is a third route, Southampton to Caen, which is quite good, and runs one right into the centre of Normandy, within easy distance of quite a number of historic towns and the beautiful Cotentin peninsula, but many consider that one has missed some charming country which lies eastward if one takes this route.

We will assume that the shorter Newhaven-Dieppe route is taken, which allows one to travel through practically the whole of the Duchy on one's way to Mont St. Michel. There are excellent arrangements existing for the trans-

shipment of one's car, and the sea passage only occupies from three and a half to four hours.

Dieppe, which is situated in a valley between chalk cliffs at the mouth of the Arques, though a pleasant town with some picturesque buildings, quaint streets, and fisher-folk, a good Gothic (twelfth to sixteenth century) church, St. Jacques, with a notable interior and many features of interest, need not detain one, but a pleasant evening can be spent in the town in visiting the Casino, where there is generally dancing, music, and of course the opportunity of trying one's luck at *boule* and other games of chance.

A few miles westward lies Pourville, a small but pleasant watering-place situated on the little River Scie. The valley in which it lies is charming, and there is really a first-class hotel, which, by the way, is a great resort with the motorist from Paris, Rouen, and other places at week-ends, and other hotels and pensions. A week-end here is excellent, for one can get good hard-court tennis, golf, trout-fishing, and bathing, and in the season the Casino has a good band and dancing every night.

The road from Pourville westward, through scattered and pretty hamlets, and often shadowed by fine trees, is good to Varengeville (4 km. 2½ m.), near by which is the Manoir d'Ango, the palace of a merchant prince in the

(Continued on p. xxxiv)



AN ANCIENT STREET IN CAEN

William the Conqueror is buried at Caen, and the old Norman capital of Calvados owns a further distinction as it is the birthplace of Charlotte Corday



A SIXTEENTH CENTURY INN IN DIVES

A beautiful old inn which is in a marvellous state of preservation seeing that it dates from the early sixteenth century



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SINGER

SIX



OLD HOUSES AT ST. LO

St. Lo is an old Norman town on a rocky forest-clad island about sixty miles south-east of Cherbourg. Leverrier, the great French astronomer, was born there in 1811. He was the man who discovered the planet Neptune

twelfth century. It is now a picturesque farmhouse, the fine banqueting hall, with a Renaissance chimney-piece and a wonderful pigeon tower, remaining survivals of its past glories.

And all along the coast are dotted little towns, which during the short summer season are much frequented by French and English holiday-makers, just as are the tiny harbours and coves of Cornwall and Devon. Quiberville (16 km. 10 m.) is one of them. It lies on the hills above the valley. From the wind-swept height near the scattered town one gets a fine view across the countryside and the wide stretching meadows to the tower of Ste. Marguerite, standing out clearly against the background of trees.

The scenery is extremely pretty as one follows the road to Veules-les-Roses, with its quaint market and main street, the latter descending to the sea. Veules has its season, for it is well named "les Roses." There are many villas and a Casino, and the scenery round is very pretty, and in early summer there are roses all the way. The Gothic church, with its two round towers flanking it in the Grand Rue, is one of its historic survivals. The road to St. Valery-en-Caux (30 km. 19 m.) runs close to the sea. The little town lies in a gap between high cliffs, and the main street starts at the port and runs inland by the valley. The town was occupied by the English during the wars of Henry V, and in the succeeding ages the little port changed hands many times. The harbour is pleasantly bordered by tree-shaded *quais* on which stand some old houses such as artists love to paint. A bridge leads to the Quai du Havre, on which there stands a most interesting house, dating from 1540, in which Henry IV is said to have lodged. The Renaissance work and the elaborately carved wooden façade make it a notable survival.

On our way to Fécamp, a mile or so from St. Valery, lies a manor house amid the trees, dating from 1460 and surrounded by walls and battlements, belonging to the family of de Rosny.

The road goes through Paluel to Veulettes (41 km. 25 m.); one soon catches a glimpse of the famous Hill du Catier, once a Roman camp and locally known as "Le Tombeau de Gargantua."

Our road now runs to the small hamlet of St. Pierre-en-Pont, a bathing-place with good hotels, villas, and other houses set pleasantly amid trees. Thence to Fécamp (56 km. 36 m.). This ancient city lies in a dip between the hills of which one gets a good view as one approaches. The fine and extensive Abbey Church and other grey church towers tell their tale of its ecclesiastical importance in days gone by. Along the sea front is situated the inevitable Casino, and from it extend the boulevards. There is a strange mixture of the past and the present in Fécamp, and it is a town worth stopping in for a day or so

By Car Through Normandy to Mont St. Michel—continued

to explore. In the great Abbey Church, as a small child William of Normandy was presented to the assembled bishops and prelates of the Duchy. He, after his conquest of England, returned several times to Fécamp.

Taking the main road to the sea—leaving the dock to the right—one comes to the distillery of the Benedictine liqueur. It is far-famed throughout the world, and has of course nothing to do with the historic monks' distillery so noted in the past. But the great company working it claims to possess the right to use the name "Benedictine" for its liqueur, and to possess the secret of the monkish distillers, the process of distilling certain herbs into a liquid which, it is aptly said, "shines like gold and warms like sunlight."

One next goes to Yvetot by way of Grainville (70 km. 72 m.), and Beuzeville (80 km. 50 m.) to Yvetot (115 km. 72 m.), whose ancient counts or *soi-disant* kings were playfully satirised by Beranger. Thence a pleasant road runs to Caudebec (128 km. 79 m.). The town was formerly the capital of the Pays du Caux, and it possesses a most beautiful church, in Gothic and Renaissance styles, with an elegant spire nearly 350 ft. in height. The town played a great part in the English and French wars of the Middle Ages.

It is worth while to run on to Rouen along the pleasant banks of the Seine before crossing the latter and proceeding along the coast westward.

One regains the coast road again at Honfleur (183 km. 113 m.) nestling snugly in the picturesque green valley of the Claire. The town is quaint—a queer mixture of modern endeavour to compete with the frivolity of Trouville, a little farther along the coast, and the ancient town of the middle of the sixteenth century, of which there are still many survivals.

Honfleur is a fascinating and interesting port, and at the back of the old harbour lie many lofty, open-gabled houses, roofed with slate slabs mellowed by age. There is, too, a quaint tangle of narrow winding streets and lanes hereabouts with small wooden houses, some of them sinister-looking enough to have been the haunts of the smugglers and privateers of old, for which the town was notorious.

The main road to Trouville (198 km. 124 m.) from Vasoury is a good one; it runs by the sea. However, there is a choice of roads here, for one can take another through the pleasant Forest of Touques. One passes through typical rural scenery—a landscape dotted with picturesque thatched farm-houses set amid fertile fields—but some little distance before Trouville is reached one becomes aware of the proximity of this most

(Continued on p. xlii)



THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, COUTANCES

An ancient street and the old church in this fascinating old Normandy town



AN ANCIENT TOWN GATE AT DIEPPE

A picturesque old gateway in the well-known French port at the mouth of the River Arques. Dieppe, if reduced to the sole denomination, is France's Yarmouth

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Immediate acceleration — and the Vauxhall is out of the traffic, first away on the road ahead. Hills taken in your stride — six powerful cylinders aided by a four-speed gear-box and suitable gear ratios see to that. Round corners with scarcely a slackening of speed — possible only by reason of the Vauxhall's low centre of gravity and long, soft springing. Then a touch of the brake

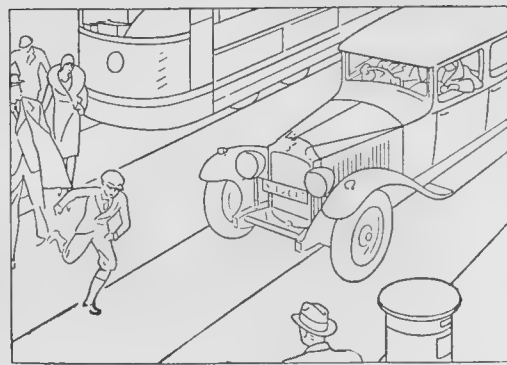
pedal, and from 24 m.p.h., STOP — in just over the car's own length!

The Vauxhall is capable of a higher average speed than most cars, not merely because it can do 70 with ease, but because it responds at all times so much more quickly to the driver's demands — because it

does his bidding literally in a flash. Yet even when making a fast time over a long journey in a Vauxhall, the luxurious Vauxhall springing and upholstery, the roomy seating accommodation, the easily accessible controls, the system of lubrication which oils 28 points of the chassis by the single touch of a pedal, make driving altogether leisurely and comfortable.

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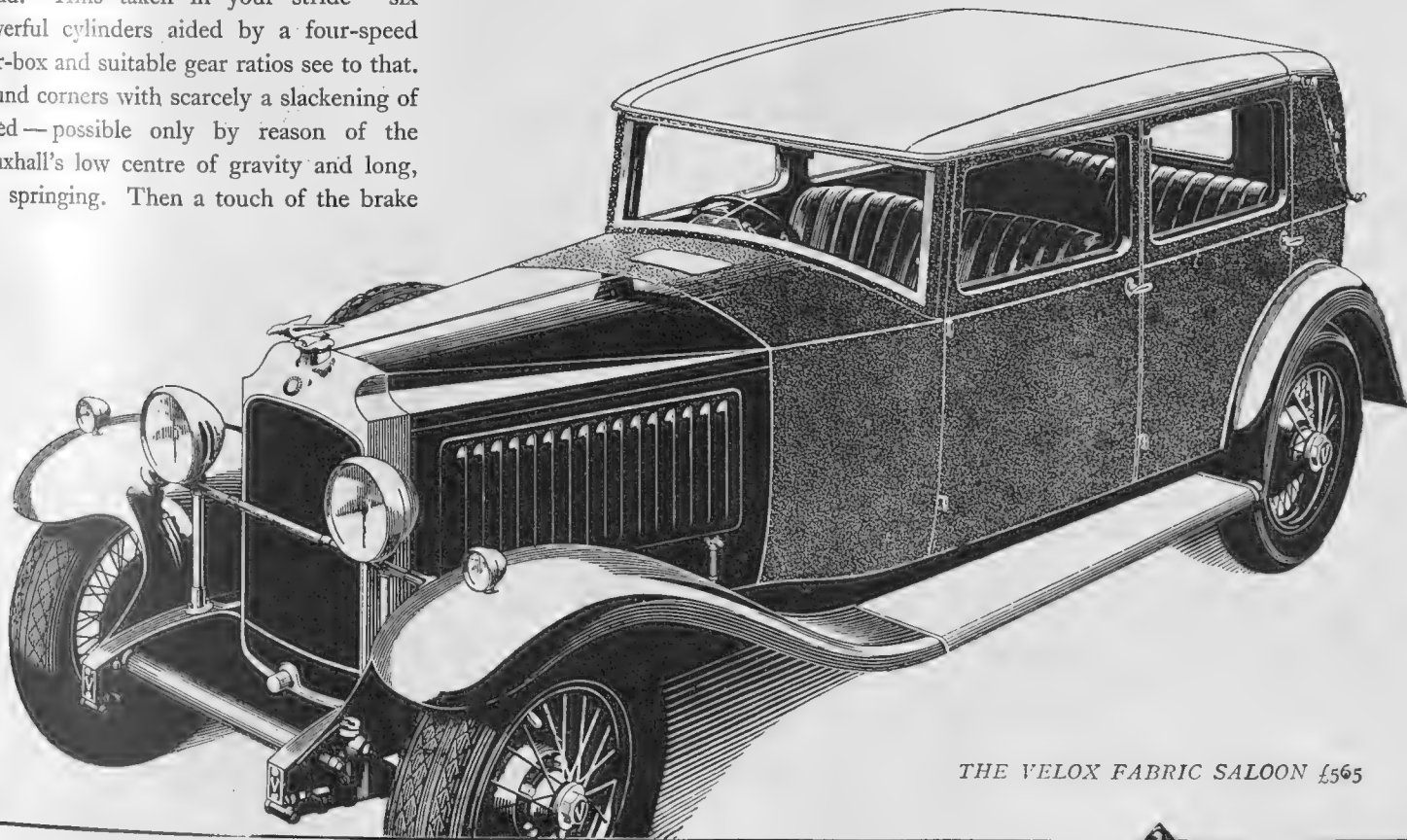
Vauxhalls are made at Luton, Bedfordshire,



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by British workmen. And 97 per cent. of the materials from which they are made are British too. Study the new Vauxhalls at close quarters. See how elegant they look with their harmonious colour schemes and their chromium plating on all external bright parts. The Vauxhall's low, clean-cut lines are a byword for beauty in car design.

Then try one out on the road, and see yourself what it can do. Your dealer will gladly give you one for a trial run. Or write for full particulars of the Vauxhall range of six models (prices from £495 to £695) to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.



THE VELOX FABRIC SALOON £565

V A U X H A L L



The Footsteps of Spring on the Road—cont.

ideal time. It does not matter at all whether the cars you are taking out to find the gifts of spring are battered wrecks or were new-born at Show time. If you have a new marvel on wheels her countless perfections will naturally make your days on the road an unbroken dream of delight—even if you have still to keep to 30 m.p.h. and you have reached the painful stage where you are listening to and for unfamiliar noises. If, on the contrary, your car is something in the nature of an heirloom, you are going to enjoy yourself every bit as deliriously with her. For the first spring day is quite obviously every good car's birthday, when it is not only decent but essential to give her many presents.

My own car—may the blessing of St. Christopher rest upon her—is neither Aged Annie nor a nameless newcomer. She is at precisely the right age, and I am so fortunate in my possession of her that when people make such loose and insane statements as, "Have you still got the old car?" or "What new car are you getting this year?" it sounds like a bit of bad news; as if a term was set to the life of the nicest car I ever had, as if I should ever want anything else. This is quite obviously impossible.

She has, or had, I thought last year, everything that she or I could desire in the way of agreeable birthday presents, but naturally I have now discovered this theory is all wrong. I have to buy her a great quantity of things for my first spring tour of the year, so many in fact that I have decided to spare you a list. Not out of consideration for your feelings, but because you would undoubtedly decide that I should be put without delay under proper restraint. Nevertheless I take leave to inform you that I am sick to death of the apologies for proper car luggage which I have hitherto thought were quite admirable, and I intend to equip my most faithful friend with an outfit worthy of her distinction.



THE FORD AT WINSFORD

A beauty spot in Cheshire, with a Talbot car in the foreground of a very charming picture

It is going to be luggage of the superior kind which looks as if it grew on to the car. It is going to be waterproof and dust-proof. It is going to weigh very little, it is going to hold a great many clothes, and it is going to have locks which are really locks and not toys. I shall of course run up fearful bills for new tyres. I shall probably have the hood recovered, insisting upon one of those alluring sand-coloured stuffs instead of the funereal blue-black bag into which I unwillingly thrust myself and my passengers after it has rained hard enough, and long enough to soak me. I feel convinced in my own mind that I shan't detest using the hood

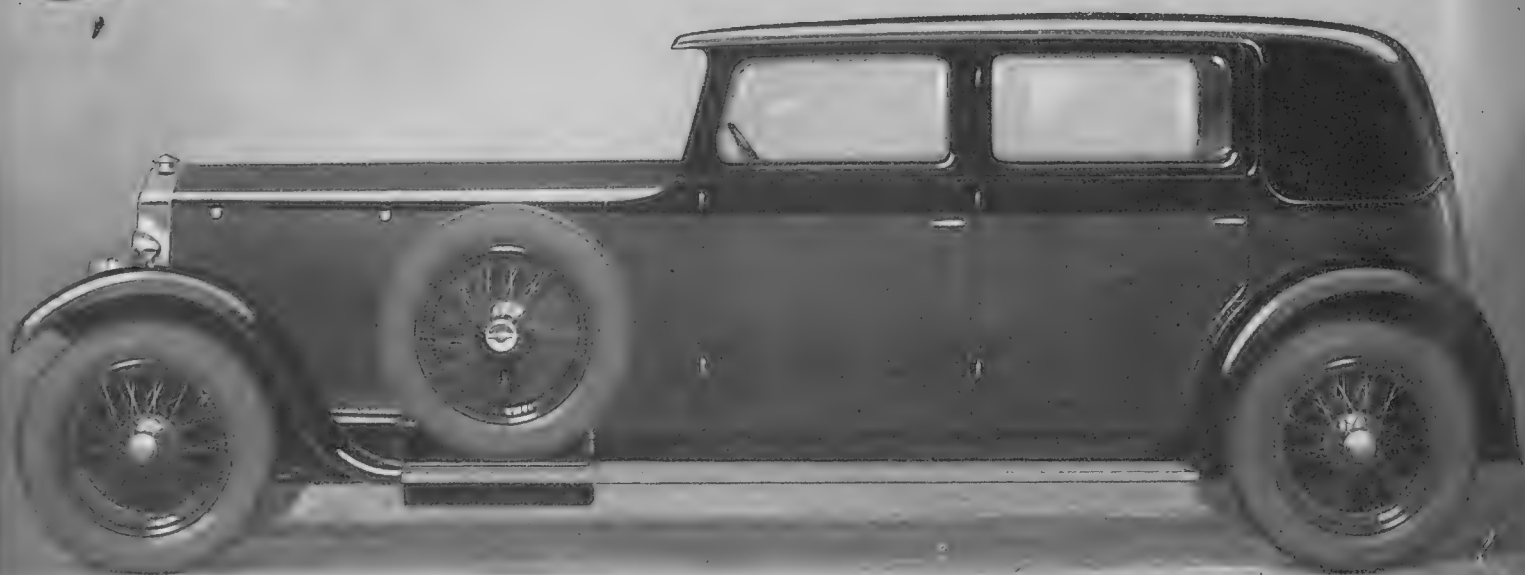
half so much if it is any colour but black. I shall also order myself a most superior kind of side-screens. I daresay those I have already are quite good enough, but that is no excuse at all for not having new ones at an important time like this. My side-screens will be of the finest and clearest celluloid, stretched drum-tight on to the slenderest of steel frames. I have not the faintest idea where I shall get them, and that does not worry me in the very least. All things come to good cars on their birthdays.

I will tell you the last, or rather the first, of the things that I am going to buy, because it has an important bearing on my subsequent movements. I am going to fit on the dash-board the very finest altitude meter to be had. At all times, even when driving along the sea front, an altitude meter is the best of all possible gadgets, but when you are making your spring tour it is obviously impossible to start without one. For my spring tour and yours also, if you are wise, is going to be, if you will forgive my putting it that way, over the hills and far away. I want a great many hills in my tour, and the farther away they are the better. These things are naturally all a matter of comparison, and when that magnificent day dawns I may consider that the hills of Yorkshire are far enough, or on the contrary that the Pyrenees are altogether too close. What is quite certain is that I shall want to see both, in addition to several other

(Continued on p. 12)

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the accelerator only, leaving the ignition to look after itself, it will surmount the crest at a solid 40 m.p.h.

"All this is good; but this Daimler 'Twenty-five' will do it all without a sound—an engine sound, or a transmission sound, or a body sound. Whatever else one may try among the cars of 1930, I am confident that one does not know how far motor car production has travelled until one has both driven and ridden in the new Daimler 'Twenty-five.'"—*The Auto.*



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The Footsteps of Spring on the Road—cont.

ranges. I want particularly to go and look for spring on what I believe is the loneliest road in the British Isles. It lies through a Yorkshire dale roughly east to west, and the last time I drove over it, which was in fashionable summer, the single village in this length of twenty-two miles was the only place containing any example of human existence. There were curlews and sheep and plovers, the rightful landlords of the place, but the only two-legged tenants had feathers on them. My altitude meter will be marking that, for England, dizzy height of 1,500 ft. by the time I meet the curlews.

Have you considered the urgency of the claims of Ayrshire, with its neighbours, Wigtonshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Dumfriesshire, along that single stretch which deserves the odd name of the South Coast of Scotland? Among those fjord-like bays whose waters are of a quite impossible blue you will find spring, if a little late in her appointments, in a particularly ravishing mood. Doubtless on your way to the Pyrenees you will find it absolutely essential to see what is happening in the Forest of Fontainebleau. That is a place crammed with the magic of spring. Though you might perhaps be wiser to find this out for yourself a little later on when all the nightingales belonging to it have reported for duty. A night in May on the edge of that glorious wood is an experience you are not likely to forget.

There is no question that when you are going to exercise your altitude meter on real mountains, the Pyrenees are the ones. I do not like to say that I would not give a farthing for the Alps in spring, because that would be quite untrue. I would give a great deal more than a farthing to be on the Alps road on quite 300 days of the 365, but the remaining sixty-five, say in April and May,

most certainly would be given to the enormous hills which divide France from Spain, hills which are perhaps the greenest in the world. I can almost say that it is always spring in the Pyrenees, so sparkling is the light in which their valleys no less than their terrific heads are bathed.

It may turn out that neither you nor I will have time for the Pyrenees—a monstrous supposition but still one to be considered—and the extreme corners of Brittany may offer hopes as a different substitute. This too is a perfectly excellent place to spring hunting. You can enjoy in peace the very real charms of those odd little places which the holiday tripper overwhelms later in the year.

I do not mind giving away one of the very best places to include in the spring hunt; that is Beg Meil, a most comfortable little spot on the edge of the bay facing Concarneau, where the sardines come from or at all events used to come from. Last time I was there the chards were growing down to the edge of the water, and in September the little apples dropped into the sea.

All this is really quite sufficient, as I have had occasion to remark before. The one thing to realize is that with Daylight Saving time has arrived, and spring is either here or expected at any moment you must get out on the road at once and stay there as long as possible. The roads may be anywhere between John o' Groats and Gibraltar, Budapest and Finisterre. In her own good time spring will walk down every one of them, and if you can think of a better way of beginning a year's motor than by looking for her footsteps, following the scent of flowers, and finally running to earth, a thing of gleam and light and colour, I shall be obliged if you will let me know what it is.



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By Car Through Normandy to Mont St. Michel—continued

fashionable and festive of watering-places. Amid apple orchards one sees beautiful villas, surrounded by extensive and often lovely gardens, almost mingling with the old farm-houses environed by hedges of yoke elms, woodbine, and wild roses.

One need not pause long at Trouville, which somehow by its general planning reminds one not a little of Algiers, with the fishing town—the original sea-port and the seamen's hamlets—down along the shore, and the fashionable villas mostly perched on the heights above the town.

To reach Deauville (200 km. 124 m.) one crosses the bridge by the docks. Formerly this now much-boomed watering-place where notabilities and the reverse disport themselves during the short summer season, was a select and stately place of imposing villas. It has been largely spoiled in this respect by modern developments.

It is here well worth while to leave the coast road and make a diversion by the beautiful valley of the Touques, through charming scenery at Lisieux (240 km. 150 m.), with its cathedral of St. Pierre, dating in parts from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, its many ancient houses, and old-world atmosphere. The church has a striking portal with the most quaint and interesting doors in all Normandy. Hotel accommodation is good here and prices moderate.

The road to Mézidon is good (265 km. 164 m.), from whence the coast may be regained at the little port of Dives, whence William the Conqueror sailed for the shores of England, and where there is a charming and interesting inn bearing his name.

From Dives the road will take one to Ouistreham (310 km. 192 m.), the old fishing port at the mouth of the canal leading to Caen with a twelfth-century Romanesque church.

The coast road may well be left now for a space to permit of visiting Caen (330 km. 205 m.), the town of William the Conqueror, full of historic interest, fine churches and old buildings. Caen is one of the most picturesquely situated towns in Normandy. The city itself is charming in its mingling of the old and the new, the ancient atmosphere of its by-streets contrasting with the comparatively bustling life of its tree-shaded boulevards. The flower shops of Caen are lovely and brilliant with colour, as they are also "pockets of perfume" as we once heard them described. The city possesses an unusual number of Renaissance dwellings, many of them well preserved.

Its two great churches are the Abbaye aux Hommes or St. Etienne, and the Abbaye aux Dames or La Trinité. The first was built by the

Conqueror and the second by Matilda, his queen. The first has a severe style that is well in accord with a man's church, and the second more ornate and graceful in style.

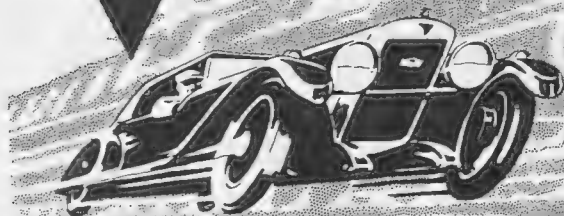
In the church of St. Etienne is the grave of the Conqueror, now an empty tomb. A slab of black marble let into the pavement before the High Altar marks the spot where the great ruler once lay at rest.

The beautiful spire of the church of St. Pierre seems to follow all about the city, and the building is worth a visit. It is worth a run, too, to run down along the Ouistreham road about a mile or so to the wonderful sixteenth-century Maison des Gens d'Armes.

There is a good road to Bayeux (365 km. 220 m.), which is well worth a day's pause if only to explore its ancient by-ways, to see the famous tapestry, which it is now almost certain was supposed to be the work of Queen Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror. It is, however, if not the work of Queen Matilda, at least that of the period. It is shown under glass in the public library, and it is interesting to note that it is 230 ft. in length, a little less than 20 in. in width, contains 623 human figures, 202 horses and mules, 55 dogs, and 505 animals. If one is in Bayeux on a Saturday morning there are many quaint peasant types and picturesque costumes to be seen in the market.

The first view one gets of Mont St. Michel, set upon a rocky islet in the sea, is very impressive, and increases in grandeur as one approaches it along the causeway, which extends for more than a mile from the mainland. On this rock stands the magnificent abbey, palace, citadel, church, and quaint village, the latter with some notable buildings. It forms, indeed, as it has been said, "a pyramid of glorious antiquity." And it is one of the greatest architectural possessions of France, rich as she is in these things. It was founded in the early days of the eighth century by St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches; by reason, it is said, of the appearance of St. Michel to him in a vision. To-day the abbey is the property of the State and is maintained by it.

The road back to Le Havre, and one slightly shorter and more varied than that which we have followed on the outward journey, giving more varied of scenery and that of the greatest interest, is Port-Neuf-Domfront-Alençon-Chartres-Evreux-Louviers-Elbeuf-Rouen-Le Havre (480 km. 300 m.). One passes through some beautiful scenery, and at Chartres there is of course a magnificent cathedral and much of architectural and historic interest. The roads are almost invariably good throughout. And such a tour as we have sketched will leave on the minds of those who take it, we feel sure, an impression of great beauty, of sunlit coasts and fertile valleys, of historic and ancient towns, of quaint and pleasant villages scattered amid scenery that is frequently beautiful and scarcely ever uninteresting.



"Silver Eagle" outwings the BLUE TRAIN

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filling
of

WAKEFIELD

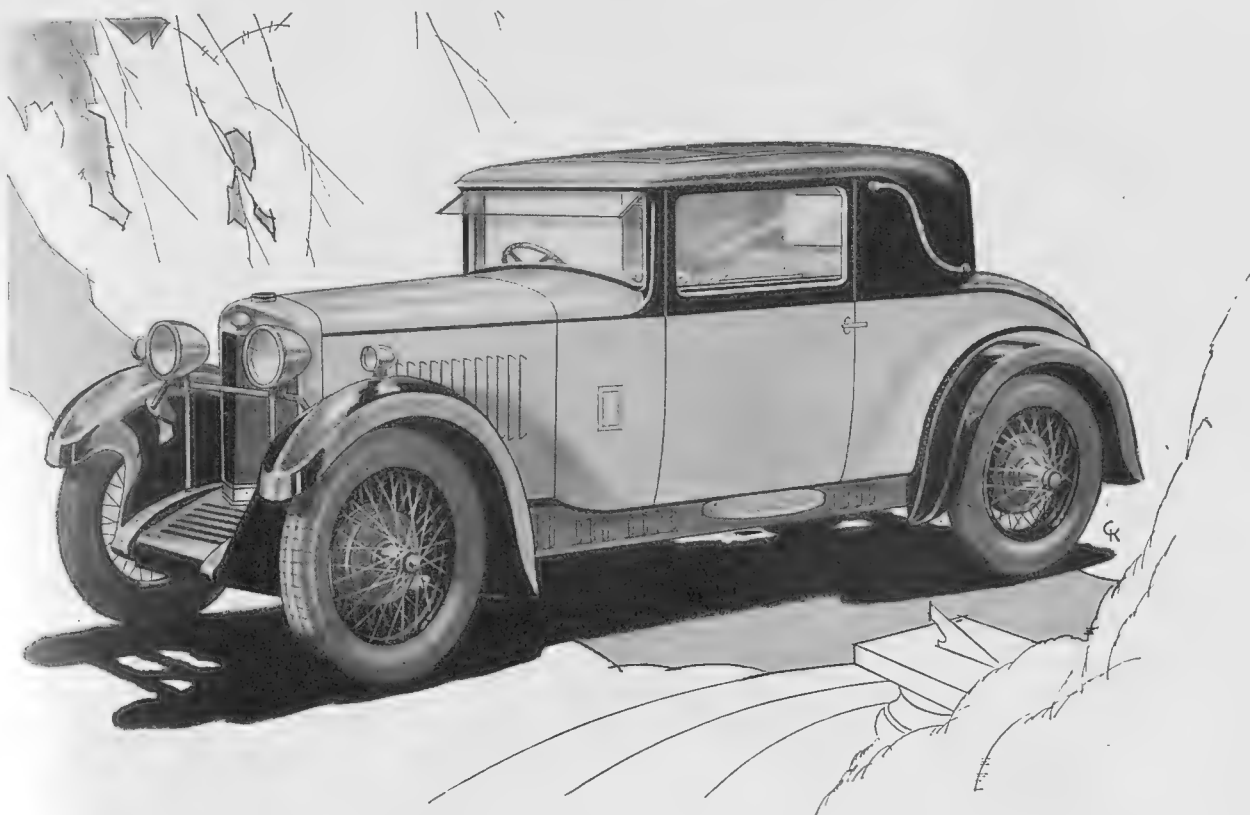
ON the evening of February 24th, a standard ALVIS Silver Eagle took the Calais road at St. Raphael just as the proud Blue Train most luxurious of Continental "rapides" — gathered speed at the start of its 720-mile run from the

Riviera. All through the night, the Silver Eagle flew across the sleeping country for the coast. When daylight came, a stretch of 112 miles was covered in two hours. Just after noon, the ALVIS was in Calais — three hours before the famous express.

CASTROL XL

—the only oil recommended by

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*A car is the outward and visible expression
of its owner*

SUNBEAM coachwork is not showy. It is not—to use a truly terrible word—happy. It is merely a very exquisite example of the infinitely correct. One could almost define a gentleman by saying that the Sunbeam is a gentleman's car—his outward expression.

Then, again, it is absolutely and marvellously comfortable in use. In too many cars, nowadays, manufacturers sacrifice room, air and a safe and full vision to exaggerated body lines. Their cars have become cramped and corseted.

But SUNBEAM coachwork is practical in every detail. The special features are expert devices for the ease of the occupants, and are not merely selling points. Take, for instance, the four-seater coupé with sliding roof and enclosed luggage boot.

This car actually admits sunshine without strong draughts, and permits of every comfort and convenience in a journey of any length and in any climate. It is the result of years of experience and of much assiduous care, and will stand up to wear as well as does the famous chassis.

*For Mayfair or for the mountains—
the SUNBEAM*

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.
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London Showrooms: 12 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1

The Sunbeam range includes cars of 16 h.p., 20 h.p., and 25 h.p., together with the famous 3-litre. All are six-cylinder models. Prices of five-seater cars from £550.

SUNBEAM

the supreme car

THE MOTOR-MENU FOR EVE.

By JOAN MAINE

This year's motor-menu for Eve is notable for two things. First, it provides for more actual and potential women motor-owning clients than ever before; and second, it offers cars that are cheaper to buy and run and easier to drive and maintain. Its compilers have made it obvious that but little cash and courage is required by Eve should she wish to sample a 1930 motor-car.

Be She a Novice —

She need not be faint-hearted. The roads are used by those who once were novices themselves and have now become, in lesser and greater degrees, experts. There is less to fear from them in 1930 than there was even five years ago. But the most encouraging point is this—the modern motor-car is a genuinely easy animal to handle. It is a more nearly fool-proof business to take the steering-wheel and the wind-screen view of life than it is to cross a circus-traffic area on foot. It is also a simpler matter, really, to master the unchanging rules of clutch, gear, accelerator, and brake manipulation than it is to comprehend the varying intentions of a policeman's hand. The car's limitations are easy to understand, and if the novice finds herself deterred by the traffic regulations, let her realize that she is in no way more bothered than the pedestrian. Her four-wheeled mount, once she has learnt to humour it, is tame and docile and as capable of obeying Eve as it is of consuming petrol.

Be She an Old Hand —

There is all that is new in the menu for her to appreciate. The joys of motoring have not dwindled with the diminishing duties that regulated the relationship between owner and car. If the gear-handle of the ultra-modern model is located now either upon the dashboard or the steering-wheel, it is only hide-bound opinion that preferred it to grow through the floor-boards

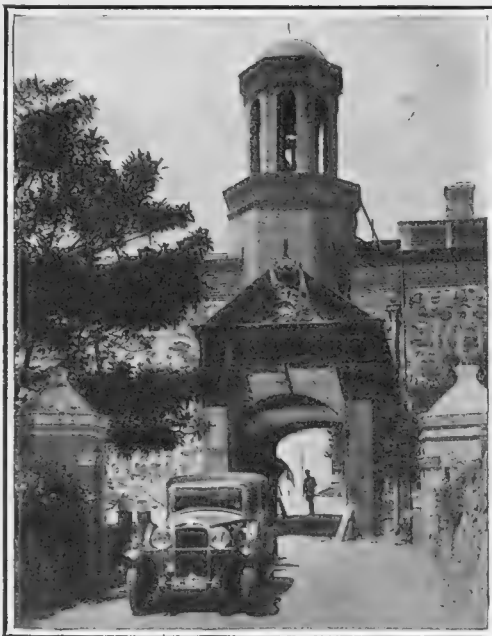
between the front passengers or between the door and the driver. "Old hands" talk lovingly and longingly of the early post-War car, and somewhat sternly ask the new-hand to imagine the (somehow dear) drawbacks of that vehicle. But that is a pose, and because the car cannot grow younger she will find that the cars on the 1930 bill

are items worthy of her patronage and enthusiasm. They are better sprung, their weight and distribution are mathematically and demonstrably superior, their reliability and durability are improved—in fact, taking everything into account, a car's value for money this spring is literally as good as new.

Be She Economical —

She has been catered for by the chefs who have made the menu. To such a pass has the economy in fashion been brought (by force or adoption) that it is easy to observe instances where motor-owning is saving rather than an expense. Small cars, whose initial price and subsequent consumption are low, can account for unmissable expense-cutting, specially when three or four benefit from their service. Baby cars and very slightly bigger brothers are thoroughly recommended and praised as having developed longer and healthier lives than their predecessors. They are far less uncomfortable, and rougher than even last year's patrons disapproved of them to be. This type of car has probably more converts on its own merits than any other kind that set out to attract the million. Every motorist who keeps a Mastiff limousine very soon gets a Pekingese baby car to keep it company, and its handiness justifies its board and place. After all the baby car keeps down the three items of motoring expenditure—price, running costs—and keeps them down so low that they have become easy to afford. Health and pleasure counts alone, the baby car is temptingly, perilously more than worth its cost.

(Continued on page 1502)



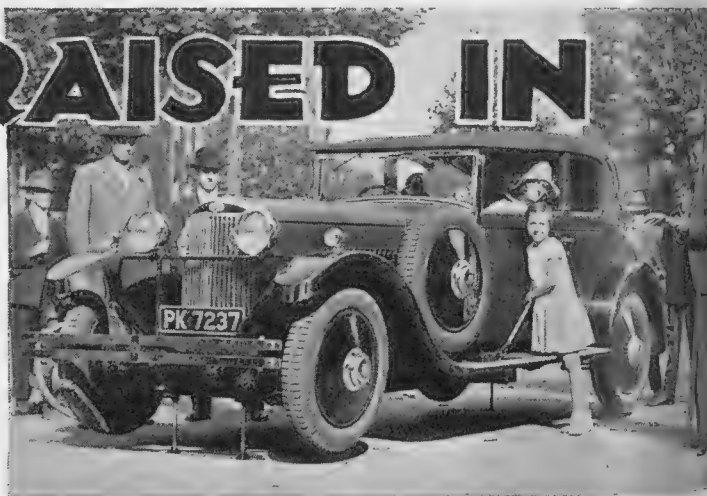
THE ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE,
CAPE TOWN

The car in the picture is the Humber Snipe, used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during the time he was in Cape Town. H.R.H. drove this car most of the time himself.

4 WHEELS RAISED IN 50 SECONDS..

or any one wheel in 20 seconds

Just as the Self-Starter and Four-wheel Brakes became a necessity to every car, so has this wonderful Jacking System taken its place amongst the essentials of modern motoring.



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FOUR-WHEEL HYDRAULIC JACK

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10. It is the same price as petrol.

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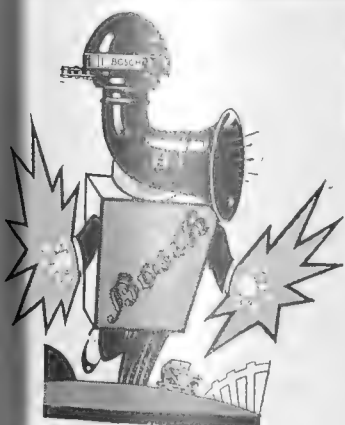
"Better by miles" is no empty slogan as far as 'National' is concerned. It gives at least 15% increased mileage, yet costs no more than petrol. Increased mileage is not all. It gives more power and less carbon. Read the claims alongside, and if you are inclined to be sceptical, just steer your car to the pump with the "Winged Head" globe and ask for 'National.' Your running will convince you that it's miles better. And remember it is British.

'NATIONAL'

*The Motor Spirit with
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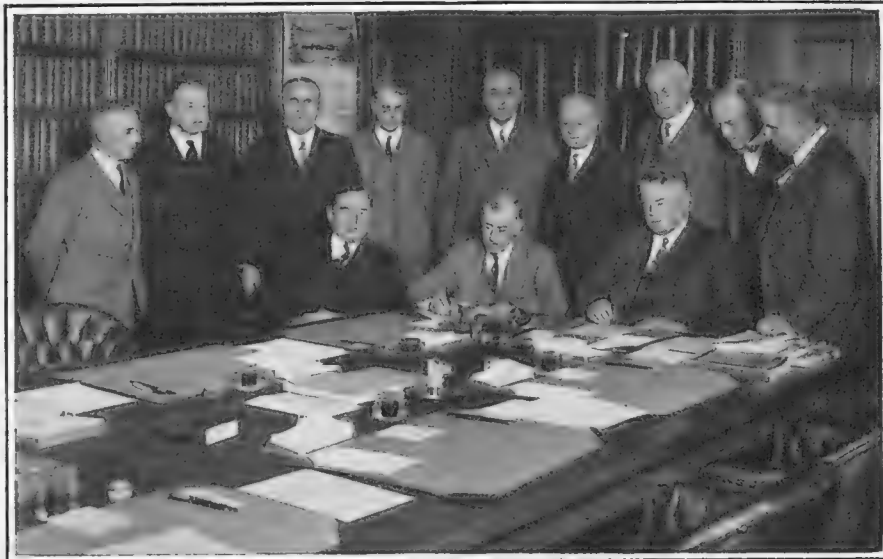
ECCLES

18-20, DERING ST., NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

The Motor Menu for Eve—continued.

Be She Opulent —

The big-price cars of 1930 constitute a class of attractive, improved, impressive, and good-value motor-car. There is a wide range from which to choose. But the woman who is a potential purchaser of this type of car can really be left to look after herself. She is motor-minded enough, in this Year of Pace, to recognize the points of a car—its line, colour, and dimensions—and to decide which make incorporates most of her quite decided likes and dislikes. She will find that she has exercised considerable and successful influence upon car manufacturers and body-builders. Her wishes and criticisms of the last few years have had their effect and resulted in really striking concessions to her demands. Brighter, more varied colour-schemes abound; upholstery materials to suit her ideas in colour and substance have appeared; safety-glass is now more often standard than not; interior fittings have multiplied until her dressing-table is hardly less well furnished; head, leg, and elbow-room has swelled and decreased respectively to fit her fancies; and last, but not least, "finger-tip control" is the accurate expression for describing the lightness of the driver's levers. Diminution of noise and the multi-cylindered engine contribute materially to her pleasure in motoring for motoring's sake.



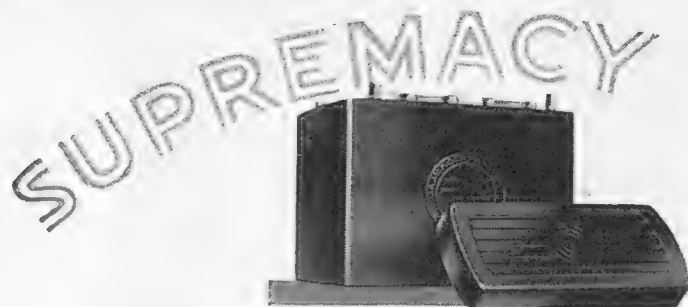
SIGNING THE PEACE RIVER BLOCK AGREEMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

The meeting at Victoria, B.C., when the Premier, the Hon. Dr. S. F. Tolmie, and the Hon. F. P. Burden, Minister of Lands for the Provincial Government of British Columbia, signed the agreement by which the Peace River Block and railway lands situated in British Columbia were returned by the Canadian Government to the Province. The Provincial Government alienated about twelve million acres to the Dominion of Canada when entering into Confederation, being in consideration of the building and completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast. This agreement settles a controversy dating back half a century.

The names are, reading from left to right, as follows: Standing—Oscar Bass, K.C., Deputy Attorney-General; Harry Cathcart, Deputy Minister of Lands; Hon. W. Atkinson, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. R. L. Maitland, K.C., Minister without Portfolio; Hon. W. A. McKenzie, Minister of Mines and Labour; Hon. Joshua Hinchliffe, Minister of Education; Hon. S. L. Howe, Provincial Secretary; Hon. R. H. Pooley, Attorney-General; Hon. W. C. Shelly, Minister of Finance and Industries; Sitting—Hon. N. S. Loughheed, Minister of Public Works; Hon. F. P. Burden, Minister of Lands; Hon. S. F. Tolmie, Prime Minister.

Be She a Second-hand Speculator —

There has never been such a season for bargains. There are two good reasons, however, for buying a second-hand car. One is that a new one of the required dimensions cannot be afforded, and the other is that an expensive car can often be bought secondhand for considerably less than it is worth. The risk that attaches to used-car proposition can be minimised by getting an interested but expert opinion upon the condition of the car. The engineers of the motor organizations will, for a small fee, undertake to vet it. As a matter of initiative, common sense, and ambition to possess a "looker" for use on the road, there is nothing to hinder from becoming the backbone and mainstay of the second-hand motor business. It is an amusing and enthralling game in which to take a hand, the rules are so simple and prizes to be won this year so great that it should appeal to the new or old motorist. The "Used Car" lists are to be recommended as "thrills" and those with time to spare for inspection of the bare offered may well find that a pride of possession comes from having discovered a bargain rather than from having bought a car off the peg. It is no obstacle to a satisfactory exchange transaction to get the car owned at present payment for a second-hand edition . . . so let Eve give due consideration to this item on the menu.



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throughout 38 years.

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and wireless set, too.

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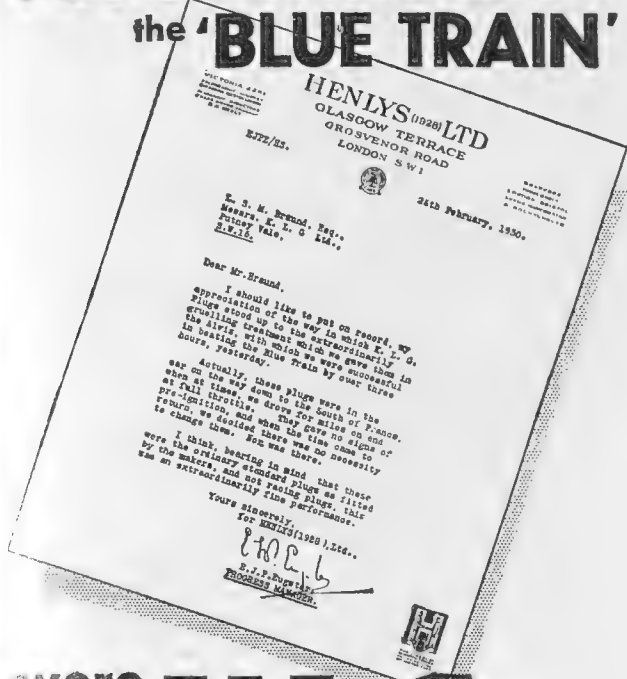
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Warwick Wright Says

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STUTZ incorporated its features four years ago.

The double-dropped frame, with ultra low centre of gravity, Stutz had in 1926. Be not deceived by squashed-down bodywork. It does not imply a low weighted car—only lack of headroom. The straight-eight-in-line engine, with overhead camshaft, Stutz brought this out in 1926.

Safety Glass as standard—1926.

Side bumper steel running boards integral with the frame. This real safety feature Stutz brought out—1926.

Worm drive making for a low built transmission line. It comes from Stutz 1926—and since.

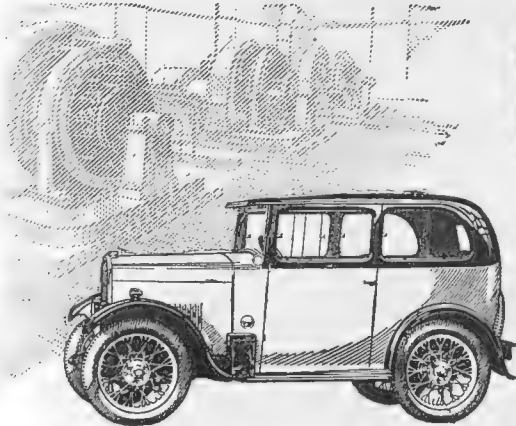
Four speed gearbox with silent-third, . . . Stutz features, 1928. "No-back"—without which no car is up-to-date. Stutz had it 1929.

All these points are best shown in the Stutz—which originated them and has learnt all about them by experience.

Stutz will be consistently the car of the future.

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Smooth, turbine-like running, vibrationless and silent, powerful beyond expectation; brakes, velvety smooth, Lockheed hydraulic, perfectly compensated, positive—ensure safety at all speeds. Such is the Triumph Super Seven.

See this small car, try it, compare its performance and comfort. It is the finest small car in the world. Models from £162 10s., or £45 9s. 6d. down. Lucas electrical equipment standard. Write for the catalogue to-day.

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CAR - CAMEOS

Singer Junior

By reason of the fact that I am, through no fault of my own, a declared "outsizer" in the matter of physical dimensions, I always approach the self-announced small car with a certain amount of trepidation. I have to ask myself first of all whether I can get into it, and then if, having got my bulk behind the wheel, I still have scope for the movement of ankles, knees, and elbows. If I have not, then I have to retire from an unequal contest, for no man can rightly judge of the good qualities of a motor-car if some of the bad qualities (which to an extent all motor-cars have) are making their existence unpleasantly plain by squashing in his hat, confining his limbs, and otherwise rendering him unhappy and uncomfortable.

If when I found myself confronted with the job of trying out the Singer Junior saloon my heart sank a little, it was simply because I was the victim of my own optical illusion. It did not look big enough for me. But the truth is that it was, as I well proved over many pleasant miles. Not only so, but the back seats could have held a couple of "outsizers" too. Some very clever work has been done in the Singer body-building department. I doubt if there is a saloon model of its type which offers as good accommodation for four adults, and I am quite positive that none affords better. You cannot expect too much

from a wheelbase of 7 ft. 6 in. and a track of 3 ft. 8 in. But this Singer Junior saloon really gives you more than you are entitled to expect.

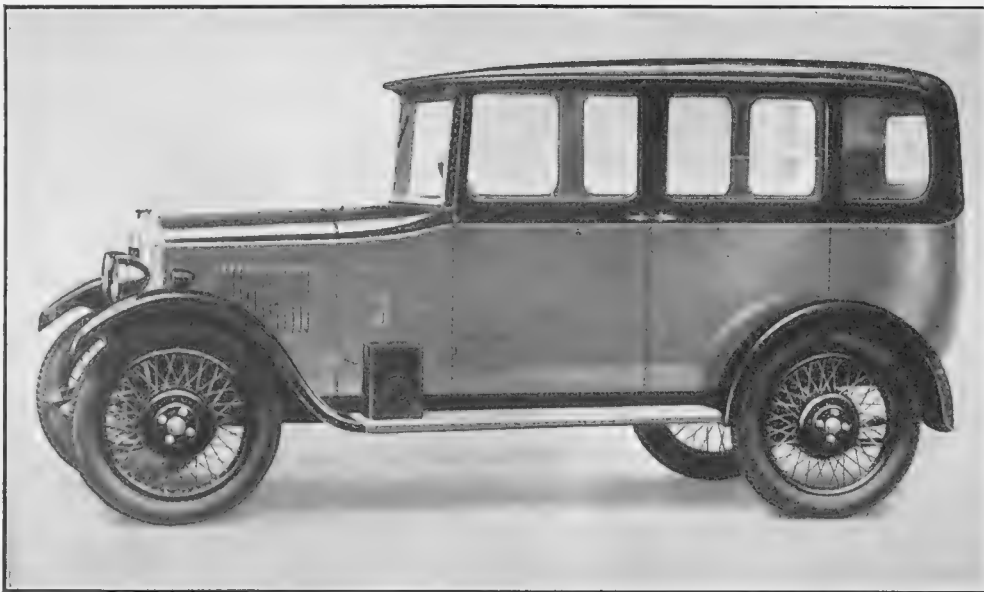
One of the reasons why I was keen on trying this little car was wonderful what £160 can buy nowadays, isn't it?—was that it recently been fitted with coil ignition, a system which I have always believed in, and which I regard as being particularly valuable with a small engine of high efficiency. My prognostications proved well

stantiated, for I had in my mind memories of a previous trial of an earlier model. This latest production was quite extraordinary good in point of comfort and ability. Of course one has to make a fair allowance for the use of the gear lever, but it was quite surprising to see what could be done with the top. Bear in mind the power unit (although it has an overhead cam) only boasts a capacity of 848 c.c. I rather doubt, therefore, whether it could achieve the 50 m.p.h. claimed in the catalogue, but it did it quite easily. It is more to the point that it held 45 m.p.h. up a respectable incline.

A pleasant little car to sit behind too. Naturally you can hear it, and it is not busy, but it never worries. If busy it is also happy.

it easy to find fault with any other part of the car, for the suspension, brakes, and the control generally are very good. Moreover it sits down on the road, giving one the impression that one can drive it with the maximum of safety.

Altogether a very jolly little car. It sheds lustre upon the name it carries, and more than that I cannot say.



THE SINGER JUNIOR SALOON (PRICE, £160)

Be British
and
BUY
British

Be afloat at Easter

in the comfort and security of a

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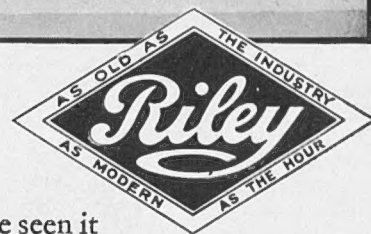
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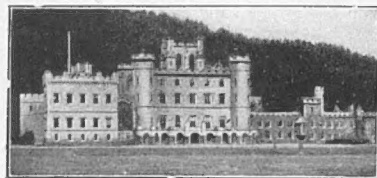
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